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THE TACTICS OF PEACE

THE most important passage in Mr. Bevin's very able speech in Paris was his reference to the Soviet Union's whole foreign policy being based on "the Marxist-Leninist conception that there can be no final agreement with non-Communist States." Here at last we have the British Secretary of State discovering that we are living in a revolution instead of talking in national terms about Russian aggression and so forth. Mr. Bevin went on to point out that "because everything the Soviet Government does is tactics," he was bound to be cautious about accepting at its face value the Soviet Union's claim that it stands for "international co-operation." This is fair enough, and the conclusion follows—though Mr. Bevin did not draw it explicitly—that our policy must be to create a situation in which the U.S.S.R. again prefers the tactics of Litvinov to those of Molotov in dealing with the "frightful collisions" which Lenin foresaw.

The doctrine that the imperialist Powers would oppose and intrigue against Russia at every point, and that Russia must take counter-measures, has always been taken for granted in Moscow. But there have always been two schools of thought in the Soviet Union about the right way of meeting this threat. The failure of the revolutionary school after the last war led to the period of Soviet tactical co-operation represented in the Western mind by men like Litvinov and Maisky. This policy continued up to Munich, and it was the Allies who then refused Russian co-operation. How far the Soviet Union would go in attempting to avoid war we know from the published documents dealing with Russian-German relations in 1939-1941.

Since 1945 the two schools have continued to exist in Russia, and the object of those who wish for peace should always have been to enable the less doctrinaire and more cautious Soviet leaders to defeat the intractable extremists who regard war as inevitable. The Soviet Union can never believe in friendship with the West; she can, and has, believed in avoiding war and proving to the world that Soviet Communism will survive Western capitalism which, in Marxist terminology, contains the seeds of its own decay.

In the course of proving that he can debate as ably as Mr. Vyshinsky, Mr. Bevin went so far as to say that, if war came, the responsibility would fall entirely on the Soviet Union. He should in fairness have recalled that at the end of the war, despite the readiness of the U.S. Administration and the people for a settlement with Russia, some American generals were already talking about a future conflict with the Soviet Union, and even urging that it should be begun at once while America was fully armed. The effect on Russia of the exclusive occupation of Japan and the American seizure of bomb bases in the Pacific, of the Truman Doctrine and of anti-Soviet propaganda in the American press, has strengthened those elements in the Soviet Union which believed that American imperialism was certain to make war on Russia. Simultaneously the Soviet Union adopted a provocative policy which has hastened America into a phase of militant imperialism which, given a more cautious Soviet policy, might have taken twenty years to develop. The peculiar folly of Russian policy has been that it has thrown away that vast mass of good will which Russia earned during the war, not only throughout Europe, but in Britain and even in the United States. It has always been obvious that the vast majority of Americans did not want war and that the Soviet Union was equally anxious to avoid it. It has always been obvious that if either great power bloc challenged the other openly, rearmament was inevitable and war again a probability, and that even those who had most sought co-operation with the U.S.S.R. would find their plans for achieving military and economic independence of the United States frustrated if Russia interpreted her Marxist-Leninist doctrine in a way that challenged their national traditions and independence.

The practical question, then, is how it is still possible to reach, not a "final agreement" with Russia, which is ruled out by definition, but a practical working agreement which would prevent a war even more devastating to Russia than the last, ruinous to America, finally catastrophic to Europe, and irrelevant to the development of Communism, which cannot be stopped by bombs and is often merely hunger become articulate.

How much of this was clear to Mr. Bevin we do not know. But in the positive part of his speech he declared that Britain had no objection to the United States being capitalist or the Soviet Union being Communist. Nor did Britain complain about Russian "co-operation" with neighbouring countries. We did, however, claim an equal right to co-operate with our own friends and to build a Western Europe comparable with the Eastern bloc developed by the Soviet Union. The British Government gave a solemn declaration that Great Britain would never commit an act of aggression against the territory of the Soviet Union. But it issued the warning, first, that if the Russians "use the territory of other States and the people of other States to prepare attacks upon us, a very different situation will be created in which we can only look to our defence," and, secondly, that disarmament, which Britain has been compelled to discontinue owing to the insecurity of the world, can be resumed only on the condition that "civil war ceases to be an instrument of foreign policy." Western Europe must be able to "stand on its own feet and rally its own people against any aggression that may be launched against it from wherever it may come."

Properly interpreted, Mr. Bevin's statement might well be the beginning of a *détente* with the Soviet Union. Both the evidence of the facts and the doctrines of Marxist-Leninism would suggest that Russia will try to avoid war unless presented with an ultimatum or its equivalent. The Russians undoubtedly believe that they are now engaged in preparing to defend their country against an American attack. Mr. Bevin and Mr. Marshall are concerned to stop the spread of Communism. This Communism, however, though Moscow-directed, is not Soviet-created; it springs from local conditions and from a hatred of capitalism which would have existed in any case even if Moscow did not exploit it. The only policy, therefore, likely to avert war is to accept the division of the world into spheres of influence, to build prosperity in our own and to convince Moscow that, while the Western world

would indubitably defend itself in the improbable event of Soviet aggression, we are prepared to accept as an unhappy necessity the existence of two worlds, on the understanding that both will be entitled to deal in its own way with interference by the other in its own sphere. If such a temporary equilibrium is reached, the necessary development of trade between the Communist and the outside worlds, and the advantages of reaching working agreements where the fringes of the two overlap, may gradually lead to working agreements, to the conviction in Russia that the inevitable collisions between the two systems need not include a Third World War.

Why the Moscow Talks Failed

The texts of the documents issued by the Western Powers reveal that the Moscow talks finally broke down owing to conflicting interpretations of the directive agreed personally by Stalin on August 23rd. This directive to the four Allied Commanders in Berlin seemed to provide the basis for a reasonable compromise under which the blockade could be lifted. The Western Powers would withdraw the Western B Mark in favour of the Eastern Mark. In exchange, the Russians would agree to the creation of a Four-Power Financial Commission which, as Stalin expressly conceded, should have powers over the German bank of emission in matters relating to Berlin. It was also agreed that there should be a machinery of Four-Power control set up to manage trade between Berlin and the Western Zone. But when the Military Commanders began to elaborate the details they at once ran into difficulties. On the Russian side, there were perfectly reasonable fears that the Finance Commission responsible for the Berlin currency would, in fact, exert control of the whole financial policy of the Eastern Zone. There is probably substance in the Russian claim that the powers over the German bank of emission demanded by us might have such an effect.

Among other stumbling-blocks were Sokolovsky's insistence on Russia's exclusive right to control Berlin's foreign trade, and his decision to introduce a demand for restrictions on air traffic. When the Western Powers challenged Sokolovsky, Stalin supported his military Commander. He would scarcely have done this if he had really desired an agreement.

The whole course of the negotiations makes it clear that, even with goodwill and confidence on both sides, an agreement would have been extremely difficult to achieve. Once a united administration of Germany had been ruled out by unilateral action both in the Eastern and the Western Zones, quadrilateral control of Berlin was bound to degenerate into a struggle for power, with the Russians holding all the advantages. The break-down of the Foreign Ministers' Conference last December, and the Russian refusal to agree to any currency reform, certainly compelled us to go ahead with the Western German State. But, as we pointed out in these columns last spring, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin should have foreseen that this was bound to provoke a violent Russian reaction, and should have faced the implications of partition. As it is, the Kremlin has been able to choose its own field of battle for the major struggle for power, and so to strain our resources to the uttermost in the defence of a city a hundred and twenty miles within the Russian Zone. In discussions confined to Berlin, neither side could afford to retreat or agree.

While the debate has now been transferred to the Security Council, the struggle in Berlin will be intensified, with all the consequent dangers of rioting and shooting. The Russians no doubt believe that the airlift will fail some time during the winter and so induce a more amenable frame of mind in Washington and London. This is a dangerous assumption for two reasons. In the first place, it underrates the ability of Britain and America to achieve the technically impossible at a pinch. In the second place, if the airlift were to fail, the result would almost certainly be not a Western surrender on Russian terms, but an ultimatum demanding the reopening of road and rail traffic under threat of war. In fact, those in America who regard war as inevitable, and therefore argue that we might as well start it, should pray for bad weather, while those in the Kremlin who want peace should realise that the airlift is its chief guarantor.

Strikes in France

Having passed the Bill to provide fresh funds for the Budget, and having finally voted to postpone until March the local elections due this month, the French Assembly has now gone into recess, leaving M. Queuille's Government to deal with the labour troubles. The sop given to the trade unions by the Cabinet's decision to allow wage increases "corresponding to an increase of 15 per cent. in wage bills" has not satisfied either the Communist C.G.T. or the *Force Ouvrière* and Christian Unions, who have retorted that the rise in the cost of living since the last addition to wages amounts to 30 per cent. Moreover, on October 4, transport fares in Paris are to be doubled and suburban fares are to rise 60 per cent. Apart from the general discontent at the inadequacy of existing wages, a further complication which M. Queuille has to face is the likelihood of a strike next week throughout the nationalised undertakings, including the coal mines, in protest against the measures foreshadowed to secure economies in their operation.

The Case of General Halder

The acquittal of General Halder by a German de-nazification court raises once again the problem of the complicity of the German General Staff in the Nazi crimes. Halder replaced Beck as Chief of the Army Staff after the latter had protested against Hitler's plans for invading Czechoslovakia and been dismissed. He continued to serve until the disputes about the conduct of the Russian campaign came to a head in the winter of 1941 and Hitler took over control of the Army Headquarters as well as the Supreme Headquarters. Technically, therefore, Halder must have been guilty of giving many of the orders for which subordinate army commanders have already been condemned to death by war crimes courts and for which the three Marshals in British custody are to be tried. But in Halder's case there were mitigating circumstances. Though there is some dispute about the determination which he showed, there is no reasonable doubt that he was an accessory at least in the conspiracies which culminated in the attempt on Hitler's life in July, 1944. On another page A. J. P. Taylor reflects on the diplomatic aspects of the Munich tragedy. But when history comes to be written, one of the most important issues will be just what was happening inside the German Army Headquarters ten years ago this month. If Halder's story is true—and it is confirmed by other generals and civilians—at the precise hour when Chamberlain decided to fly to Munich, the last preparations were being made for the arrest of Hitler. Halder and his colleagues were no pacifists; but with their knowledge of the size of the Czech army and of the extraordinary fact that only thirteen German divisions were left in the West to face the French on a half-prepared Siegfried Line, they believed that war would mean speedy defeat. So, they declare, they decided to strike. The third Panzer Division, under Hoeppner, who lost his life in July, 1944, was stationed south of Berlin, and had been quietly added to the command of General von Witzleben, who headed the conspiracy. Hoeppner's job was to occupy the Chancellery and other official buildings in Berlin in co-operation with Helldorf, the Berlin police chief, who was also in the plot. Everything depended on Hitler's return from Berchtesgarden. On September 14th Hitler arrived unexpectedly, and at midday Halder and Witzleben met to concert the final details. Four hours later they heard that Chamberlain was flying to Munich. The coup was off, and war was certain—one year later.

The War in Greece

Military operations in Greece have shifted from the Grammos to the Vitsi *massif*—a wild, mountainous area of 400 square miles inhabited by Slavo-Macedonians speaking a dialect closely akin to Bulgarian. For the past two years the whole district has been occupied by the Partisans, who have established a complete administrative net-work embracing all the 50-odd villages. These Slavo-Macedonians are organised politically in the Agrarian Party and N.O.F., the local version of E.A.M. The Monarchists' contention is that N.O.F. is run from Skoplje and is an instrument of Yugoslav expansionism aimed at the incorporation of the Slav areas of Greek Macedonia in a Greater Macedonian Republic within the federal framework of Yugoslavia. In fact, however, the programme of the N.O.F. insists that it is fighting for freedom and civil rights "within the framework of a democratic Greece." If some of their members dream of inclusion in Yugoslavia, it may well be because they remember the spring of 1945, when the National Guard took over from E.L.A.S. in the area and the sullen opposition of the population was dealt with by beatings, looting and official discrimination in favour of Greek-speaking elements. In the present fighting the guerillas appear so far to have been holding their own, though their numbers in the area do not exceed 4,000, and they have at least two Monarchist divisions against them. If they can hold out for a few more weeks, the snows may prove a decisive factor in their favour.

First Shot in the Steel War

The resignation of the chairman and all the other members of the Steel Board, except the two Trade Union representatives, is evidently the first capitalist shot in the war over the nationalisation of the steel industry. The reasons given for their departure by the resigning members, who include not merely the steelmasters and the representatives of the Steel Union-industrialists, but also Sir Alan Barlow (until recently the second-highest civil servant in the Treasury), are that "in the changed circumstances likely in their view to arise from the Government proposals for bringing sections of the Iron and Steel Industry under public ownership, they are not willing to continue on the Board." It should, however, be borne in mind that the Board was established, after the Government's first announcement of some measure of public control over steel, on the express condition that it would not be concerned with plans for nationalisation and that its functions would be to step up development, watch over approved schemes for extension, supervise allocation of raw materials and generally help to keep the trade in the best working order. There is no reason to suppose that the Board has ever been asked by the Minister of Supply to depart from these functions, nor is it to be supposed that between now and the still distant Vesting Day, there will be no practical problems—e.g., threatened shortage of scrap—to be overcome. The resignations, in fact, are clearly intended, first, as a demonstration that the Government's plans for steel are intolerable to men of common sense including Civil Servants, and secondly, to compel the Minister to operate existing controls directly, and not through the Board. This, it is probably calculated, will enable the capitalist press to take the line that the Government's first step towards nationalisation is to put a complicated industry into the hands of bureaucrats. But it is also probable that the steel employers, having co-operated in stepping up production which "proves" the efficiency of private enterprise, are now not averse to seeing a slackening of output which would be popularly attributed to the threat of Government interference. It is significant that the Iron and Steel Federation has so far found

self unable to accept the Government's invitation that it should name other steelmasters to serve on the Board. The Steel Bill is obviously going to be the signal for the declaration of employers' war against the Government.

Houses *v.* Weapons

Aneurin Bevan, speaking this week at Hammersmith, at the opening of a new block of working-class flats, was able to announce that the total of homes completed since 1945 has now reached three-quarters of a million—which was the target set by the Coalition Government as enough to provide every family in the country with a separate dwelling. In view of the severe shortage of labour and materials this is a remarkable achievement. No one would now claim that 750,000 dwellings are nearly enough to achieve what was apparently expected. The figure was a serious under-estimate when it was first put forward, and the rapid increase in the number of new families since 1945 has, of course, left it far behind. Nevertheless, the passing of the goal originally set for post-war home-building is a landmark; and now, but for the threat involved in the re-armament campaign, all would be set fair for the second stage. As matters stand, Aneurin Bevan will probably have to put up another stiff fight if his further home-building programme is not to be among the earliest victims of the international crisis. Other victims will be the schools programme of Mr. Tomlinson, and Mr. Bevan's own programme for speeding up the full development of the new National Health Service.

The Defence Debate

(From a Parliamentary Correspondent)

Naturally disinclined to admit administrative deficiencies, Mr. Alexander, in the Defence Debate, rested his case for the retarding of demobilisation and a slight increase in armaments rather more on the international situation than on the facts. It had been clear to students of military affairs for some time that poor utilisation of man-power, permitted by an ineffective central control of the Ministry of Defence, would render the limited resources of the three Services inadequate. Berlin and Malaya intensified the administrative muddle and made imperative some immediate action attempting to resolve it. The Opposition, however, did not fasten on this weakness, but chose, supported by some Labour backbenchers, to call for greater armaments in terms that must have alarmed the Minister of Defence at the thought of the havoc that they would wreak on the country's chance of economic survival. Typical of this attitude was Mr. Henderson Stewart's remark: "If it is true that the measures proposed . . . can cause no serious interference with our recovery, those proposals are wholly and dangerously inadequate." The general trend of the debate was unthinkingly to ask for more armaments and damn the cost. The main exception was the interesting suggestion of Mr. Crossman that the present measure of rearmament should be paid for by a new form of Lend-Lease—a suggestion sensible enough if confined to covering action already taken, but exceedingly dangerous if used as a basis for further rearmament. The more of our industrial potential that is committed to non-productive uses (no matter who pays the bill), the longer will it take to achieve a sound economy. In fact, neither the Government opening speech nor Mr. Shinwell's winding-up justified either alarm at the present rearmament or demands for greatly increasing the size of the forces. The additional expenditure involved will amount to about 50 million pounds—an uncomfortable but not crippling amount — and the slightly greater strength of the Forces should now enable them to fulfil their existing commitments without fresh drastic measures, provided that the Regular Army is speedily brought up to strength and a Special Class A Reserve created.

RE-ARMAMENT AND RECOVERY

HOT on the heels of the White Paper, and of Sir Stafford Cripps's account of the really remarkable improvement in Great Britain's external economic position, have come in a crescendo the announcements of re-armament and the demands from the Services, and from other quarters, for more and more expenditure on preparing for war. Nor is it only a matter of our own re-armament; the Americans are now looking to us to take a large share in the re-arming of Western Europe, and Sir Stafford Cripps's report of our improving economic situation is inducing them to raise their expectations in this respect. The latest phase of E.R.P. requires us, in the name of West European revival, to finance a large volume of unrequited exports to the Continent, partly of our own products and partly of foodstuffs and materials from the rest of the sterling area. In view of our still huge deficit, which exceeds the total we can possibly hope for out of E.R.P., this is a big demand; but it makes sense on the understanding that what we provide or pay for will actually be used in such a way as to help on the recovery of our Continental neighbours. If, instead of this, a large part of it goes in armaments and the materials for making them, and if, in addition, the nations of Western Europe are now called upon to put re-armament well ahead of economic recovery, then, for them and us alike, the outlook is black indeed.

The White Paper, as explained last week by the Chancellor, was very good news. But it is necessary to bear in mind that it was good only by contrast with the extraordinarily bad news that Sir Stafford had to give us again and again in 1947. It showed, indeed, that we were climbing manfully out of a very deep abyss; it was even good enough to suggest that, if no unfavourable factors intervened, we might just be able in years to climb right up to daylight. But it was not, and could not be, good enough to justify any belief that such an emergence from the valley of the shadow was assured, or even well in prospect. On the contrary, the White Paper showed, with all the recorded improvement, a situation still so vulnerable that any strongly adverse new factor would undo our gains.

It is all very well to argue—as some are arguing to-day—that we can afford some amount of re-armament without serious repercussions on our general economic situation if we can so place our armament orders as to take up the pockets of unemployment that exist in South Wales, in Lancashire, and in certain other areas without diverting labour from production for export or for the home market. Even the most thoroughgoing planning—which we are far from being equipped to practise—could not achieve this result; and, even if it could be achieved, that would not prevent scarce materials, such as steel, from being diverted from uses for which they are urgently required. Nor would it prevent any additional call for men for the armed forces, or any prolongation of the period of conscript service, from aggravating our man-power shortage.

What is true of this country is true even more of France and true in some measure of every country in Western Europe that is being driven into the new re-armament drive. To re-arm and to recover simultaneously is a task plainly beyond Western Europe's power—at all events without American assistance on a scale far beyond anything so far contemplated under the Marshall Plan. Moreover, the matter is not simply one of the number of dollars the United States is prepared to contribute to the turning of Europe into an advance base for the next world war; it is also at least as much one of physical supplies to match the dollars. Whence are to come the steel and all the other materials that are required for any big re-armament programme extending over the whole of the E.R.P. area, if not by diversion from the uses of economic recovery—unless, indeed, the American people is to be committed to an austerity fully comparable with our own? And who supposes that any such thing can happen?

The plain truth is that just as we have begun, despite the adverse factor of rising world prices and a turn against us of the terms of trade, to escape from the crisis of 1947, we are confronted with a situation that threatens again to strain our scanty resources to breaking point. Without E.R.P. we should be in a hopeless position even now, faced with the certainty of speedy exhaustion of our remaining gold and dollar reserves. With E.R.P., we may just be able to manage—but only on condition that E.R.P. continues to mean what it was understood to mean when its terms were arranged, a contribution to European economic recovery, and not a payment to be offset by unproductive spending on preparation for war. So far Marshall Aid has helped; without the prospect of it we should not have been able to carry recovery nearly so far as we have actually done. But its future diversion to wrong uses would leave us with no real hope of continuing the recovery we have auspiciously begun.

Here, again, what is true for us is true as well for other E.R.P. countries—particularly for France. For the French the situation is complicated because they naturally fear the consequences of re-armament on American policy in Western Germany. If, for the future, the Americans think of Western Europe primarily in terms of re-armament and only a long way second in terms of economic rehabilitation, the French see as the probable result that German industrial capacity will be rebuilt speedily and in such a way as to revive the danger from German militarism and intensify a hundred-fold the struggle between East and West for the command of German resources. Both M. Schuman's speech to Uno and comment throughout the Paris press reveal the depth of French anxiety.

It may of course be said that, if the U.S. Chiefs of Staff take the view that war is inevitable *within the next twelve months*, they will regard both France and Germany as expendable and will therefore urge the concentration of Western Union's arms production in the relatively secure area of Britain. But if their planning is based on the likelihood of war, not at once but after an interval long enough for the creation of Western Union military forces (including presumably a German contingent) strong enough to warrant hopes that Bizonia could be defended against the Red Army, then there is a real danger of their pressing for the immediate rebuilding of the industrial war potential of the Ruhr. Even if the French exaggerate the immediate dangers of German re-armament they are at any rate right on one count. If war planning over-rides peaceful reconstruction the Americans will certainly be inclined to regard the Germans as better allies in war than the French and allocate their aid accordingly. Such a development would be regarded by most Frenchmen as an intolerable revival of the old German menace to their own security. Western Union would break into pieces.

For us in Great Britain the immediate danger is that we may come to believe that, in face of the Russian attitude, we are so committed already to following America's behests to re-arm that there is no longer anything to dispute about, or any choice about the policy we are to pursue. Gloomy as, on all accounts, the outlook is, it is still not quite so bad as that. To *some* re-armament, and to some help to our Continental friends in their re-armament, we are evidently committed: no other interpretation can be put on Mr. Bevin's recent utterances, or on the recent course of Anglo-American relations. *But to how much?*

That matter of quantity is of the utmost importance; and we have still the power of refusing to be stampeded into a re-armament programme that would utterly destroy our chances of economic recovery, even if the United States were prepared (and is it?) to supplement E.R.P. by a large-scale revival of Lend-Lease, or by some other form of separate aid. If men and materials —both of which are fully as scarce as dollars

—are to be diverted on a large scale from the making of capital goods for home development, or from production for export, then Great Britain is down the drain. Even a little diversion we can ill afford: a considerable diversion would involve sheer disaster. Therefore, we hope that the Government, and the back-benchers in Parliament, who are in a position to take a stand, will refuse to be panicked or coerced into any large changes in the use of our resources, human or material, on the plea that war is now certain in the long run and that our only chance of survival lies in doing exactly what the Americans tell us. War is not inevitable; and we have still some power, in concert with our European neighbours, to resist American pressure to adopt measures which would be fatal to us and them alike. Far from preventing war, they would make it much more likely when, in a year or two years' time, our re-armament programme ignominiously collapsed in face of our sheer inability to endure the strain.

NAZIFYING SOUTH AFRICA

(By a Special Correspondent)

THE narrow majority won by the Nationalists in the South African elections last May suggested that their tactics would be slow and cautious. In fact they have moved with ruthless speed and efficiency, and with a skill and precision that are in themselves evidence of the careful and Nazi-minded preparations that were made during their years in opposition. There is a careful balance between policy to lull the public into a sense of security, and decisive action to consolidate themselves in power and increase the extent of their power. Hard on the heels of the release of four men convicted of high treason during the war came the news that war-internees would be eligible for compensation to a maximum of £20,000 per head. Next came an announcement that the Union Defence Force was to be strengthened, particularly on the *Platteland*, i.e. in the rural and predominantly Nationalist areas. Next there was the raid on the files of Military Intelligence, an action taken (it was supposed) to discover who were most active in anti-Nazi measures during the war. Next, members of the Civil Service were no longer prohibited from membership of the Fascist Ossewa-Brandwag. Finally the Broederbond—described as a secret society by General Hertzog in 1937, and condemned by him because its members were not prepared to treat English-speaking South Africans as entitled to equal citizen rights and status—is to-day deliberating whether to abandon its secrecy in view of the fact that it has a clear majority in the Cabinet, and some fifty members in the Nationalist-Afrikaner bloc of eighty members in the House.

More than a formal transfer of power has taken place. The apparatus of civil and military power is being transformed as speedily as possible so as to ensure that it is a weapon apt to the hand and the intentions of the manipulators. The steps that have been taken, the measures being adopted to strengthen the Nationalist grip on the Party machine, and the legislation and regulations already introduced and pending, all show the pattern of a blue-print devised and applied with all the skill and techniques in the Fascist arsenal. Donges at the Interior, Louw the Jew-baiter at External Affairs, Erasmus at Defence, Swart at Justice, hold key portfolios.

It is hard at this juncture to say whether Malan's intentions are constitutional or not, and how far members of his party have any belief in the democratic way of life. His speech affirming democratic views on August 23rd was unconvincing. The Nationalists' policy during the war—their lauding of Hitler, and their pro-Nazi propaganda—throws doubt on mere words. There is, indeed, only one way Malan could prove his belief in democracy. That would be by breaking with the Fascist group, and breaking decisively. There has so far been little evidence of his willingness to do so, and increasing doubt as to whether he would be able to do so even if he so wanted.

Already breaches with democratic tradition have been committed. Despite promises in the speech from the Throne that no major legislation would be introduced this session, the Nationalists have already begun to press their policy of race repression to the full. Soon after Ministerial statements that native Trade Unions would not be tolerated, that native participation in the Unemployed Insurance Act would end, and that a policy of segregation or *apartheid* would be implemented, a direct assault on the existing rights of the racial groups was launched. A Bill to remove the franchise granted to Indians under the Indian Land Tenure and Representation Act of 1946 has had its first, a formal, reading. It is likely to be followed during this session by the repeal of the Native Representation Act of 1936. It is freely rumoured that the Nationalists will also carry out their frequently asserted intention to strike all persons listed as coloured off the common roll, giving them a limited franchise on terms such as those at present permitted for Africans.

Such is the hostility of most Europeans here to non-European aspirations that these measures are approved by the mass of the population, who have always supported the limitation of non-European political and economic rights. This fact explains Nationalist tactics on the Indian issue. They could have allowed Indian Representation, which in any case the Indians did not want, to lapse. No regulations had ever been promulgated under the Act, and it had never been applied. Instead, however, of pursuing this, the course more likely to ease their situation at the Uno Assembly, the Nationalists have introduced repealing legislation and so have forced the United Party either to support the measure and acknowledge defeat, or oppose it and lose popular support in Natal at least, where anti-Indian feeling runs high.

So the stage is set for the next measures to come, the attack on the democratic liberties of the European section of the population. Whites have always enjoyed widespread democratic rights in the Union. Few realise how dangerously those rights are threatened for any sections of the population or trends of opinion opposed to the Fascist and Republican aims of the Broederbond and the Ossewa-Brandwag.

In the minds of most South Africans "liberal," Communist and "Kaffir-boetie" (pro-Negro) are almost synonymous terms of abuse, and statement after statement by leading Nationalists have shown that there is no place for them in the future South Africa they envisage. Thus D. N. Diederichs, vice-President of the Broederbond, ex-Professor of Political Philosophy in the University College of the Orange Free State, educated partly in Nazi Germany, declared on August 19th:

> In South Africa to-day there was not an ordinary fight between two political parties, but between two basic outlooks on life so fundamentally divided that a compromise between them was virtually unthinkable. . . . The conflict between Nationalism and liberalism fitted into this conflict. . . . Liberalism believed in the unity of individuals, and in their personal freedom, so called. Nationalism believed that the individual found his greatest freedom in the nation. . . . Liberalism was a step towards Communism, and the aim of liberalism to break down the divisions between peoples showed its affinity to Communism.

The Nationalist Minister of Labour has said he will not interfere with the internal affairs of the Trade Unions, provided that they are free of the taint of Communist influence. But in certain industries, he added, if they thought Unions were not "sufficiently representative," they would recognise a second Union under the Industrial Conciliation Act—and the Afrikaanse Nationale Werkers Unie is available to fulfil such a role as a "more representative" body.

Immigration is under review, and there is little doubt that potential opponents of the Government will find entry difficult in the future. The Electoral Act, which has made this minority Government possible, is likely to be further amended, making still more difficult any defeat in the future. The Communist Party is likely to be outlawed. The English-speaking South African is, as frequent statements in the past have shown, by no means safe; nor are the many Afrikaans-speaking South Africans whose democratic views and affiliations have made them "alien to the spirit of *die volk*," now no longer the people, but "the inspired section of the people."

As for the Opposition, electoral unity between the United Party and the Labour Party has collapsed. The Nationalists have achieved a majority in the Senate, and the United Party electoral colleges have returned the least progressive of their candidates. The Nationalists, having made these highly favourable advances, are energetically preparing for the provincial elections due early next year, whilst playing up the splits between their opponents with consummate skill.

There is a strong movement in the United Party for Hofmeyr, leading liberal figure in South Africa, to be thrown overboard. This movement has so far been resisted by Smuts. Simultaneously, however, suggestions are being made that Malan, Smuts and Havenga should come together and set up a National Government of the constitutionalists of the Centre—a condition precedent being the dropping by Smuts of Hofmeyr and the dropping by Malan of Strydom, Erasmus and Swart. These rumours have been denied, and Smuts' hesitation is very apparent. But, as it is, the effectiveness of the United Party as a counter to the Nazification that threatens to overwhelm the moderate elements in the Nationalists and dominate Union politics, is very slight.

Cape Town, September

STRATEGY AND IRISH PARTITION

(From a Dublin Correspondent.)

MR. COSTELLO recently said in New York that Ireland might be willing to enter into an agreement with the United States and Britain for strategic purposes; but, he added: "We will not consider such an agreement as long as there is partition in Ireland." His statement did not represent any real new departure in Eire's foreign policy; Irish leaders, beginning with Mr. De Valera, have consistently emphasised that the country cannot take part in any movement against aggression elsewhere so long as partition is enforced in Ireland. Even on Mr. Costello's terms Ireland would be dragged reluctantly into European conflict. It is keenly realised here that the establishment of sea and air bases in Eire would involve grave danger in conditions of modern warfare. Atom bombs apart, one has only to think of the consequences to the national economy if the Shannon Power Station were put out of action to understand the unwillingness of the Irish people to become part of any war machine. This unwillingness found expression at the recent annual conference of the trade unions, and there is real fear in the ranks of Irish labour that Eire may be used as a tool for reactionary ends.

Of course there are powerful forces ready to urge the linking up of Eire with any combination against "godless" Russian Communism; but against this attitude is the widespread feeling that, if bases in Eire were garrisoned by one or more of the Great Powers, then Irish independence would be jeopardised. The fate of small nations caught up in the Second World War does not encourage Ireland to follow their example. Furthermore, there is strong support for the view that, though the ending of partition might make the present Irish leaders readier to discuss the part that Ireland could play in world affairs, the case for the unification of Ireland rests on grounds which are irrelevant to the strategic purposes of Britain and America.

Out of the thirty-two counties comprising Ireland, a small fragment of six counties is cut off in the north-east corner, to which the name of

Northern Ireland has been given. Sometimes this is called Ulster. But Ulster proper consists of nine counties and, if all had been included in Northern Ireland, the Nationalists would have a majority. As it is, two of the six—Fermanagh and Tyrone—would join Eire tomorrow if a plebiscite were held; and the area of these two counties forms more than one-third of the entire Six-County State. For many years Mr. de Valera, while sitting in the Dail, also represented South Down, a Northern constituency. Nationalist feeling is strong in the North and there is much discontent.

When the war ended, Northern Ireland imposed restrictions upon immigration from Eire, and many who had settled down in jobs there were compelled to leave. Even more irksome are the restrictions imposed on the Nationalist population of the North, including the gerrymandering of constituencies to make sure that the Nationalists do not get the representation to which they are entitled. Because this fragmentary State feels insecure, it is always ready to take a "strong line" and repress any display of Irish national feeling. The Irish tri-colour must not be shown and, only a few weeks ago, detectives were present at a Northern auction, where a number of Irish flags were offered for sale, to ensure that they were not destined for distribution in the Six County area. Always the Nationalist citizen in that area has a sense of repression. He feels that he is being held down by a group which, as far as is possible, will not admit the existence of the Irish State on the other side of the border.

That border, is a sign of the harmful division of a geographical area which should be a unity. The comprehensive Shannon electricity scheme stopped at the border. Neither transport nor power problems can be dealt with on a unified plan, though each area is now facing serious problems involving cost and efficiency in transport, and the best use of power resources. When they are forced to co-operate it is done with reluctance in the North. Two costly Governments are maintained, with separate administrative machinery. Partition is responsible for confusion and waste as well as being an affront to national feeling.

Britain bears a share of the responsibility. Partition derives from the 1920 Government of Ireland Act, though Lloyd George played with the idea long before then. The Act was rejected by both sides in Ireland. The Nationalists did not want it and the Carson group in the North objected to partition because they stood for the *status quo*. In 1921, Lloyd George held out to Arthur Griffith and his fellow delegates in London the hope that partition could not last. It was suggested as a temporary expedient with a time limit. It has persisted now for a quarter of a century. A Boundary Commission was to be set up under the Treaty settlement to review the position. But the Northern group refused to appoint any representative or to implement its recommendations. This is history, but it needs to be re-stated now to emphasise Britain's part in the creation of partition. Arthur Griffith and his fellow delegates would never have agreed to the Treaty settlement if they had not believed that a scheme for Irish unity was being evolved. Lloyd George encouraged them to believe they had his support in this matter. But he told another story to the North.

Around the boundary position, so doubtfully established, vested interests have now grown up. To maintain the artificial Six-County State, that opted out of its own country, a belligerent police force known as the "B Specials" was set up. Quite recently there has been active recruiting for this force in the North. The armed police swagger around, but the position of the State has no real permanency. There is no sense of equilibrium about it; without Britain's support it would collapse, and the area would become part of the Irish nation. So its existence keeps enmity alive between Ireland and Britain; and the present position cannot be satisfactory even to the small dominant group in the North.

For Northern industrialists the market of Eire is either closed or is subject to irksome restrictions which delay and hamper trade. The proper use of Northern resources is muddled by lack of co-ordination in Ireland as a whole. If the North were sure that its own standards, its way of life, would not be interfered with, then partition would be seen as an intolerable obstruction to economic progress.

The prevailing view in Eire is that a wide measure of local autonomy should be retained by the Six Counties. Some such scheme was suggested long ago by the Cosgrave regime. All that is asked by Eire is the recognition of national unity. By the lifting of repression from the Nationalist areas in the North and removing the threat of internal conflict, a basis for wider toleration should be reached. Differences in religion and outlook should find an accepted place in the Irish nation as they have done in other States. But as long as these two States face each other with underlying suspicion and hostility in the one small island, there will be explosive material ready to go off.

A LONDON DIARY

MR. BEVIN was obviously right in saying that international disarmament demands the abolition of national secrecy. Where he was less than fair, was in saying that the Soviet Union was entirely responsible for the break-down of proposals for the control of atomic energy. I hope that he will find time in his busy life very seriously to read a book called *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy*, which is to be published on October 15th by the Turnstile Press, price 12*s.* 6*d.* Its author is Professor Blackett, one of the most distinguished of living physicists and a member of the Advisory Committee on Atomic Energy. In a book which covers the whole field of past and future bombing, he examines the Baruch proposals on atomic energy and Russia's reaction to them. Three points emerge. The first point is that inspection, naturally demanded by America, would have meant that the U.S.S.R. had to provide a very hostile America with a complete map of its armament and heavy industries. In short, Russia was asked to pin-point all her vital targets in conditions in which she was herself quite unable (having no atom bombs or closely situated bases) to profit in case of war by a similar knowledge of American targets. Similarly, the Baruch proposals gave no real guarantee that America would destroy its own atomic power even if Russia carried out all the conditions demanded. Not only was the language of the promise vague (would the Senate have agreed to destroy American atomic bombs?), but the destruction of the pile was not even promised unless safeguards had been taken against the manufacture of *all* weapons of mass destruction. Now one of the most dreaded weapons to-day is the bacteriological which, according to general report, is being prepared both in America and Russia, if not in England. And no one has yet conceived any way of controlling bacteriological research or preparation. It needs no vast installations such as those required for atomic development; it can proceed in private laboratories. Therefore a less suspicious Government than the Russians might have feared that the U.S. would have a good excuse for not destroying its atomic pile when the time came. Thirdly, the Atomic Authority was to control and allot all the manufacture and material for the peaceful use of atomic energy. Now in America, where power is developed on a far greater scale than anywhere else in the world, industrialists are by no means unanimous in desiring a new form of power which would render others out of date, and produce something like another industrial revolution. Russia, on the other hand, with a vast virgin area to develop, wants all the atomic energy she can get. In view of American fears of Soviet economic development, it is not surprising that the Soviet Union should refuse to submit decisions about her development of atomic energy for industrial purposes to a committee on which America, or nations dependent on America, would have a permanent majority. In the interests of world peace, Russia no doubt ought, I agree, to have accepted the proposals, but I doubt whether any great "sovereign" State would have acted differently in similar circumstances. Does Mr. Bevin think that if Russia had had the atom bomb at the end of the war, America would have accepted similar proposals put forward by the Soviet Union?

* * *

As a confirmed smoker I have always disapproved of smoking. I accept the shocking facts given by the societies for its abolition. I dispute none of the evidence that tends to show the viciousness and wastefulness of the habit. My pleasure in reading a comprehensive nation-wide Hulton Press survey on the subject has been intense. Nearly £4 millions a week, the survey says, is spent on tobacco. Four out of five men are smokers, and two out of five women smoke an average of 6½ cigarettes a day—too small a daily number to be worth smoking, but cumulatively enough to create a shortage. Apparently, income has little to do with the intensity of smoking. There is as high a portion of heavy smokers (twenty-three to forty-three cigarettes, or three-quarters to one and a half ounces of pipe tobacco, a day) among the under £400 a year income group as there is in the over £650. Where the rich score is in having in their number most of the 250,000 very heavy smokers (over forty-four cigarettes a day). Smoking knows no social obligations. Married men in all income groups smoke as much as the unmarried. For the smoker, consideration of family, bank overdrafts, clothes and food are nothing when put against the overpowering necessity for tobacco. Curiously, the pipe, cheaper because it consumes tobacco more slowly than a cigarette, is smoked more by the better-off sections than by the poorer, more by the older, and presumably more prosperous men, than by the younger. And what would happen if no more tobacco were to be imported? My estimate is that average and light smokers, a slight majority of the population, would learn to do without it after a few weeks; and the seven per cent. of the population, which smokes thirty per cent. of all the tobacco, would go mad, thereby causing needless suffering to the 42 per cent. (mainly women) who don't smoke at all. No country can afford to have so many madmen, and rationing would not give enough tobacco per head to maintain sanity among the serious cases—consequently nothing whatever can be done about it, and never will be.

* * *

The House of Commons spent a very lively ten minutes last Thursday discussing whether Michael Foot was in order in saying that Lord Kemsley had "convicted himself" in his evidence before the Royal Commission on the Press. The Speaker held that M.P.s might freely criticise members of the Upper Chamber in their private capacities as press proprietors, landlords or what-not. Of more public interest is the question whether Lord Kemsley did, in fact, "convict himself." The only way of answering the question is to read his evidence and cross-examination by the Commission. He began, of course, with pious assertions that his editors were completely free from any "directives"; that advertisers had no influence of any sort on policy and, would you believe it, that during elections his papers were told to treat news of political parties with scrupulous impartiality. Under a severe cross-examination he agreed that his editors attended conferences and received not "directives" but "instructions"; that impartiality between the parties might mean sometimes giving four times as much space to one as another, which was only natural since his papers are, after all, Conservative. In fact, he admitted the obvious.

* * *

The Press Commission is by now aware that there is a "tendency to monopoly" (and Lord Kemsley's evidence shows that there is a danger

of even more papers being swallowed up); that independent provincial papers have now become the exception; that the commercial basis of the press has had certain analysable effects on the presentation of news; that press proprietors see to it that the papers they own are coloured and angled according to their political persuasion—which is only natural, be they Conservative, Liberal, Labour or Communist; that since the majority of them are Conservative, the press is something less than fair to a Labour Government; that advertisers have a great, but usually indirect, influence on the press, and that journalists are frequently compelled to write for papers whose politics they abhor. All these are commonplaces accepted by everyone in Fleet Street. The diagnosis is clear enough. The Commission's problem is the prescription. In a country where State control of the press is naturally barred, what do you do to check or end the tendency to monopoly? Is B.B.C. competition the only remedy for the commercialisation of standards? How, if the purpose of the press is part commercial and part propaganda, do we ensure either any serious political education, or balance in the presentation of the case of the political parties? How is journalism to become more responsible to the public? These are some of the really difficult questions that a Press Commission has to consider. It need not waste its time inquiring whether a fair show is given to Socialists in the Kemsley Press, any more than it need ask if the *Daily Herald* is a Labour, or the *Daily Worker* a Communist, newspaper.

* * *

If he comes from the Continent by car, and lands at Dover, the first impressions of England on a newcomer must be at least as pleasing as for the traveller in the other direction. Dover Castle, on its white cliffs, is all that the sentimentalist could demand, and if he chooses the Canterbury Road to London, the cathedral town must make him feel that he is straightaway seeing the real England of the history book. But what of the road signs? Here the experience of a friend, who brought his car through Dover and was held up in the queue at the Customs until after dark, fully confirms complaints made last week in the House of Commons. On leaving the port, he naturally looked out for the sort of signs pointing to London and the main towns on the route that he would have found for Paris at Boulogne or Calais. He found that he had at once to begin asking the way. After much searching he reached Canterbury and went on towards Chatham with the aid of a few small black signs on white, high in the air, marking London without the mileage. Beyond Chatham, there was absolutely no indication of the way to any part of London that a foreigner might want. Lewisham, Orpington, New Cross, Dartford, Croydon—all useful for anyone familiar with London—but nothing like Piccadilly, Hyde Park Corner, Westminster or Kensington. Possibly the reason why French signs, for instance, are so much better than ours is that we began with better local signs than they did. It would have been impossible for a motorist to follow the tiny blue inter-village plates of France. Therefore the natural course, once motoring became popular, was for commercial firms like Michelin to erect prominent foolproof signs at every turning. Here our original signs were better; they have never seemed quite bad enough to demand a complete set of new ones. But if we want to encourage tourists by car (and quite a lot of hard currency comes from the Continent with Americans who want to see England after driving through Europe), we ought not to be too proud to make motoring a little easier.

* * *

A scientist described to me the other day the habits of the amœba. They are engaging, and strangely familiar. Confronted by a stimulus of any kind, the amœba retires as it were two steps, and then moves either to the right or the left before cautiously proceeding forward again. Moreover, this curious beast is immortal. He renews himself by throwing out a wing (again to the right or left) into which he gradually packs himself, proceeding again with the same evasive pattern of advance. CRITIC

IMMUTATUS

Out o' the cage unwindin' me,
  Black from the pit wi' Britain's coal,
Ah thanks mi stars again to be
  Steppin' on t' bank alive an' 'ole.

Mi torso's scars is honest proof
  Ah've often winced or cried aloud;
Under yon two-foot seam's low roof
  Mi bluddy 'ead is allus bowed.

At that coal-face tha never stops
  If t' roof's agate; tha plies thi trade;
An' yet the creakin' o' them props
  Finds and shall find me still afraid.

No matter 'ow they raises t' rate,
  'Ow far back now seem t' days o' t' Dole,
Though T' Board is t' master o' mi fate:
  Yet Ah'm still t' getter of thi coal.

L. A. REDFORD.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

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Britain wants more babies. We shall not get them by back-to-nature methods.—*Star.* (J. Reid.)

Lewes District Council recently decided to spend nothing on roads this year as it was thought that there would be no money left after paying the expenses of members in attending meetings.—*Municipal Journal.* (H. R. Penhall.)

"Nationalisation wants avoiding when you can, but it is justified where it is desirable to produce at a loss, which is what private enterprise cannot do." Speech by Reginald Paget, M.P.—*Daily Express.* (J. Jory.)

"Everybody in the Empire should spend an hour or so with the King or Queen."—*Evening Standard.* (B. Marcousé.)

TEN YEARS AFTER

THE crisis of Munich has few mysteries for the historian. Though the official British material is still lacking, we know as much about it as about, say, Agadir or the affair of the Hohenzollern candidate which preceded the Franco-German war of 1870. We know, for instance, that Hitler intended all along to destroy Czechoslovakia and that the Sudeten grievances were humbug; we know that Chamberlain's policy of appeasement was sincerely held and deliberately conducted, and that the argument of British weakness was an excuse invented after the event; we know why the French did not fight, even though the French military advisers thought themselves in a better position to fight in 1938 than in 1939; we even know why the Czechs did not fight; we know what the Russians offered (though not their fighting quality). In short, we know—as much as a historian ever knows—the record of facts; and doubt is cast on this record only by those who want to cover something shameful in their own past. There we arrive at what we do not know—why Munich should have such psychological symbolism; why it should still rouse such passion and lead honourable men to lie and cheat about it; why, indeed, it touched off in the House of Commons a scene of "mass-hysteria" without parallel in history. Incidentally here is one of the few points of detail we do not know—who among the Members of Parliament remained silent when all the rest were screaming and sobbing. One observer says Mr. Eden and Mr. Harold Nicolson; another speaks of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden and Mr. Amery. Both, revealingly, omit Mr. Gallacher.

At Munich, for the last time, Europe seemed the centre of the world. As in the fifth act of a Shakespearean tragedy, the characters made a final proud appearance, unwitting that the hand of death was already upon them. The Munich Conference was the last version of the Concert of Europe and, thus, the heir of the Congress of Vienna. It was a meeting of Empires. The British Empire, *l'Empire français*, *Deutsches Reich*—these had been names of confident power. Even Mussolini brandished Imperial phrases and echoed the great claims of Rome. The Munich figures genuinely supposed that they were the "Big Four", on whom depended the peace and security of the world. Yet at the back of their minds all, even Hitler, were haunted by the fear that greatness was passing them by. These rulers of Empires buried themselves in the details of Czech frontier adjustments so as not to lift their eyes and see the writing on the wall. Still, the most gloomy or clear-sighted observer could not have foretold that within ten years only one of the four Munich Powers would be numbered, though with some doubt, among the Great; and even this one is a pensioner of an extra-European Power.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union were absent from Munich, deliberately excluded by the self-confident spokesmen of "Europe". Though Roosevelt was no doubt restrained by the immaturity of American public opinion, Chamberlain, as we now know, had set his face against American participation in the interests of appeasement. Munich rested on the assumption that America was not a Great Power and would never become one. Still more, Munich rounded off twenty years of pretending that Russia did not exist. The Anglo-French wars of intervention between 1917 and 1920, undertaken against a former ally, were the worst international crimes of the century; for they fed the Bolshevik belief that there was inescapable hostility between capitalism and Communism. In the nineteen-thirties this belief weakened a little, and the Russians—lacking other means of defence against Germany—perhaps took seriously the principles which the Western Powers professed. If ever there was a chance of bringing Russia back into the European order on a basis of international morality, that chance was lost at Munich—probably for ever. Russia alone had remained faithful to the idea of collective security; and was made to look foolish for her pains. Later it became fashionable to argue that Russia, too, had been cheating like all the rest. At the time the "men of Munich" were more honest; they did not want Russia in Europe and prided themselves on having kept her out. Anti-Bolshevism, no doubt, strengthened this attitude and gave the relief its hysterical note; still, it was not the main motive—after all, they were just as pleased to have excluded America.

Insistence on Europe to the exclusion of the rest of the world led England and France to inevitable defeat. Munich was the penalty exacted for a misreading of history—the illusion that France and even England were the victors in the first German war. Yet France would have been defeated in 1914 without Russia; England could not have carried the war to final victory without America. But though Munich became a term of reproach in both France and England, it signified different things in the two countries. To the French it meant a conscious retreat from greatness; France gave up the fruits of the victory of 1918 and abandoned her allies in Eastern Europe. The French "men of Munich" were traitors to French greatness and, from Daladier downwards, themselves admitted it. They justified their betrayal by arguing that the price of greatness was too high in blood and social upheaval. The French path ran straight from Munich to Vichy; and, after Munich, collaboration alone made sense. Frenchmen who turned against Munich were demanding revolution. This was obvious in the Communists; but Jacobinism—

the course of Clemenceau or of de Gaulle—was an equal threat to the Third, as it is to the Fourth Republic. In 1938 the Radicals accepted Munich to preserve the Republic; and to-day, for the same reason, they acquiesce unwillingly in European plans which will again put France in the shadow of German economic power.

In 1938 some Englishmen, too, used the arguments of declining greatness and of the Balance of Power. These arguments still had a harsh, alien ring. Significantly, Mr. Duff Cooper, the only Minister to resign, was spiritually at home in France and had written a distinguished book on the greatest of French diplomats. For most Englishmen Munich was a moral issue, not a question of power. One must be just even to the English "men of Munich": they genuinely believed that what they had done was appeasement, not capitulation. Fear of war—for the whole world, not merely for themselves—was, no doubt, the prime motive; and, besides, they could argue that they could not aid the Czechs effectively. The same argument, even better founded, seemed irrelevant a year later, and the English people would have given ineffective aid to the Czechs, as they did to the Poles, if they had been morally prepared against Germany. As it was, they felt the moral strength of the German case. For twenty years, English writers, particularly on the Left, had denounced the injustice of the Versailles settlement and the narrow nationalism of the Succession States. English and American historians, of irreproachable liberalism, had declared that Germany was no more responsible than any other Power for the war of 1914. Who among us can claim innocence? I, for one, look back with shame to the university lectures on the origins of the war of 1914 which I gave before the German occupation of the Rhineland brought me to my senses.

Liberal opinion had accepted the national principle ever since the creation of national Italy in 1860; and the partition of Czechoslovakia seemed the last victory of nationalism. Moreover, the Czechs were, in some sort, the victims of the propaganda in favour of collective security. Englishmen had had it dinned into them for years that peace was indivisible and that they ought to resist aggression anywhere and everywhere. This appeal for a universal Crusade asked too much of ordinary Englishmen; what is more, it led them to regard all resistance to aggression as abstract "idealism." They felt that, except as vindication of a theoretical principle, it did not matter whether the Italians ruled in Addis Ababa—or, for that matter, the Abyssinians in Rome. From this sound conclusion they proceeded to the unsound conclusion that equally it did not matter whether Hitler or Benes ruled in Prague. On the other hand, the teachings of collective security, though ineffective for action, made them ashamed to fight for "selfish" national interests and for the Balance of Power. Englishmen lacked a clear moral cause; and we, the clerks in Julien Benda's phrase, were the real "guilty men" of Munich in that we had failed to provide it.

The Czechs, too, were hampered by their moral position. The Czech leaders, Benes most of all, were liberals by historical background and social origin—men of bargaining and discussion. They could manoeuvre and evade; they could not defy and perish. Without the long series of Czech concessions and offers to the Germans Munich would not have been possible; and the Munich Conference was the last display of liberal civilisation. Reason and negotiation were ineffective against German power; the only answer was cannon, the *ultima ratio regis*. Benes could not bring himself to make this answer; it was given by Colonel Beck, a man of infinitely lower moral calibre, but all the same the man who gave the signal for Hitler's fall.

As it was, Munich seemed to bring Hitler triumph; and he deserved it. The other "men of Munich" were all, in their way, playing old parts and trying to dodge reality; they dreamt of a pacific Europe without conflicts of Power. Hitler took Munich seriously and supposed that the others did so too. If Europe was to stand alone without either Russia or America, then Germany, as the only Great Power in Europe, must dominate it. The Europe of equal and independent states was finished, blighted by the chimneys of the Ruhr. If Munich did not mean this, then it had no sense.

The former "men of Munich" in this country now parade their conversion: the greater the readiness to conciliate Hitler ten years ago, the more determined the resolve to resist the Russians now. The argument from experience is trivial and was indeed proved wrong by Munich itself. "Appeasement" of France over the Belgian question proved successful in the eighteen-thirties; therefore it was supposed that it would prove successful with Germany over the Czech question in the nineteen-thirties. What will prove successful with the Russians has to be decided by serious political analysis, not by such twaddling scraps of history. In any case appeasement or resistance was not the fundamental issue of Munich. The fundamental issue of Munich was whether England (or more generally the Western Powers) could work with Russia in order to give all Europe—including Germany—a settled existence. Thus, at bottom, the "men of Munich" are being true to themselves when they lick their lips over the prospect of a conflict which will expel Russia from Europe and so restore the European circumstances of October, 1938. A. J. P. TAYLOR

PLOTS AND DRIFTS

MAY I, first, quote from myself? In my new play, "Home is Tomorrow," the chief character, a United Nations official, says: "I don't much believe in deliberate conspiracies. I wish I did, because they would make life much simpler. But we don't live in a world of neat plots, but in a foggy atmosphere of prejudices and cross-purposes, silly rumours, tragic blunders. It's the same atmosphere—when you come to think of it—that you find in Shakespeare's tragedies. Quite unlike the black-and-white melodramas of the minor Elizabethans. . . ."

The point here, I believe, is a very important one. We are deafened and be-devilled now by people who believe in enormous elaborate plots. Like most public men, I have had from time to time long letters from unhappy victims of persecution mania, giving me in bewildering detail their accounts of fantastic conspiracies, sometimes involving hundreds of people, to kidnap or murder them. I find the same hysterical tone, the same nightmare atmosphere, in much writing and talking, these days; the same clear view of something that is not here in the world of fact but has been projected from the inner world of personal fantasy; the same sinister tall towers built on a foundation of moonshine.

We laugh when some romantic Theosophist tells us that the Masters of the World are sitting on their peaks in Tibet (though some say they are now moving to the Andes—a fine imaginative touch), dreamily playing chess with our destinies. We smile, though perhaps rather wryly, when some idiot informs us that some time last century a few supernaturally clever Jews worked out a plan that would enable their great-great-grandchildren to dominate the Earth. But, after all, these are only the more gorgeous blossoms in the hothouse of world conspiracies. All the plot-mongers flower in the same close atmosphere. There is among them all the same lack of cold air. All are equally convinced there is a Grand Design, laid down in secret by super Back Room Boys, who may, according to the plot you prefer, be Kremlin types, American millionaires, Catholic dignitaries, or officials of H.M. Foreign Office. In each plot, the people on the other side—unlike ourselves, who are just muddling along—are being guided by a small group of ruthless brilliant fanatics who see the rest of humanity as so many pawns. And while we grope and blunder, they make one superbly calculated move after another. No wonder that we—whoever we are—have hardly a chance against them! So the fears multiply and begin to take on hysterical shapes.

Now, of course, there are plenty of little plots and plotters in this world, which has its Back Rooms and their knowing Boys. But it is the idea of the Big Plot, with its cold-hearted, massive-brained gang, that works the mischief, breeding hysterical fear like the plague. And my trouble is that, although I can easily imagine this gang, I never, in fact, run across any of them. True, I am not the type to be allowed to share in any world-devouring secret, but still I get about a bit, keep my eyes and ears open. And never do I find myself staring into the snaky eyes of one of these master plotters. They and their like never exist where I happen to find myself at any given time. They have vanished, fled across oceans and mountain ranges, and are as remote as the Mahatmas. Where I am, the situation is being handled by worried, muddling men—or so it seems to me—doing their best according to their lights, desperately improvising in the fog. The contrivers and executants of the Grand Design are far away, always representing the other party. Here, wherever that may be, we are decent, honest folk, not so ruthless, so long-sighted, so coldly patient, but determined to foil these masterly plots.

If delusion and hysteria and all the mysterious antics of the old Unconscious are not fully represented here, then I know nothing about human nature. I wish there were a cold-blooded, hellish Master Plot. We should be better off with it than we are with what we have in its place, namely, our own profound irrationality, our world-wide *Walpurgis Nacht*. It would be far easier to deal with the most damnably clever gang of Back Room Boys than it is to chase and capture these Brocken spectres of ours. Against clear-cut world plots there can be equally clear-cut world counter-plots. Sooner or later a real gang can be arrested. Back Rooms can be entered and fumigated. But what can be done with shapes in a mist? If whole continents are used as magic-lantern screens for unconscious fears, what chances have a few diplomatic notes and conferences to settle anything? If masses of people hysterical with fear go milling around in a fog of prejudice and cross-purposes, what will happen soon when they begin bumping into each other, with their fingers trembling on triggers?

We have our international problems—Berlin, the Ruhr, Trieste, the Danube, and the rest—and they cannot be settled in five minutes, but the longer they remain in this atmosphere of the Great Plot, the more difficult it is to deal properly with such problems. Dazzled by this notion of sinister master minds on the other side, nobody in authority has the courage to say: "Here's a nasty little mess. Let us try to clean it up together." The world cannot be tidied up, even temporarily, because it is this same world that the other people's Secret Ruthless Conspirators have already decided to take over. Adult histories have to give place to Dick Barton. Attitudes and speeches familiar in melodrama and third-rate fiction are forced upon us. Middle-aged public men with a high blood pressure stand up in public and defy "the Bolshevik scum" or "the Fascist hyenas and reptiles." The nonsense our fathers kept for paper-backed novels and the smaller provincial theatres now raises a green-lime-lit head in the middle of great public events. At any moment now some Foreign Secretary will be accused of tying a beautiful innocent maiden to a railway line. And why not? Such incidents belong to the same world as the Great Plot.

Meanwhile, what really threatens our existence is not the Great Plot on the other side but the Great Drift on our side and everybody else's side. We are menaced not by the vast secret conspiracy but by the vast secret tides that carry us against our will towards the whirlpool and the rocks. We do, without knowing what we are doing. Oh!—there are plans and plots innumerable, nods and winks here, reports by the secret

police, midnight meetings, agendas in code, bribes and bullyings; but all these are trifles when compared with the great unconscious drifts of our time, the currents that float us along towards all the things we do not want. One of the wild Marx Brothers films ended with a full orchestra, fiddling away at a Beethoven symphony, being carried out to sea. We are all in that orchestra, without the satisfaction of playing Beethoven.

The Soviet peoples, who know what war is like, want peace, but where are they drifting? The American people want a settled world, but where are they drifting? We British want to recover from our wounds and then have some time and energy to spare for a little fun, but where are we drifting? Out of the earth's two thousand million folk, it is safe to say that at least nineteen-hundred-and-ninety million would like, first of all, a good dinner, but who is planning to give them one? We all believe in democracy, and every swirl of the tide carries us farther from it. We should like to enjoy the fruits of our science, but are offered its poisons. We want to move about the world and get to know the other people (who may not be as bad as they are supposed to be), but that is too difficult for this inventive age of ours. We should like more facts, but are merely offered wilder fancies. Foiling in our dreams the grand conspiracies, defying the fanatical master minds, who have secretly pronounced our doom, we fail to hear the spars breaking away from the raft on which we float. We challenge spectres instead of using some rope and trying to hoist a sail. Find and denounce the Great Plot if you can; but while there is yet time, stop the drift . . . stop the drift. . . .

J. B. PRIESTLEY

BULLS AT ARLES

IT was not a very large bull. At two o'clock in the afternoon it came into the arena and everyone cheered. The men in the arena began to move towards it.

The Provençal sun seared the galleries of the Roman amphitheatre. People sat in the shade of the pillars or in the darkness cast by the huge steps of stone. Most of the spectators were crouching in the shadow made by the upper colonnade (*des colonnes corinthiennes adossées*, said the Guide Bleu very properly). Up here were the plebs, sunburned, in light frocks or singlets. The patricians were down below at the side of the barricade that encircled the arena. Along with the mayor, and the trumpeters, they were suitably screened from the sun.

The bull stopped short in the arena, its forelegs digging little furrows in the sand, spurting the sand sideways. It looked round very slowly, a cautious, measuring, debating sweep of the head. Then it gave a decisive jerk.

In the upper tiers the crowd was gulping the last of the ice-cream before it melted. The ice-cream came from a stall at the entrance, far below in the archways that led off the road (*des pilastres doriques portant un entablement avec architrave*). In the dark cave-like entrances were the vendors of lemon drinks and ornate sweet confections. Beside them, seated on stools in downcast immobility, were black-clothed nuns waiting the charity that should come the way of the church as a generous overflow of holiday exuberance. Down there also, catching the people as they crowded between the gendarmes at the outer gate, were the political pamphleteers, thrusting their sheets of paper into indifferent hands.

The crowds were still coming in, faster now that the first bull was in the ring, climbing up and swelling over the broad ledges of the amphitheatre. On the highest tier a couple wrapped their arms round each other and leaned against the sky (*il manque l'attique*, said the Guide Bleu, with trivial pedantry).

The bull lifted its head and with trailing tail it made for the far end of the arena. The group of young men scattered and two of them swung round, coming at the bull in a pincer movement. The bull charged one of the youths, who turned in mid-air and dashed for the barricade. He was over in a leap. The crowd roared, immensely pleased, not at all derisive. The bull, following hard, its horns lowered and out-thrust, turned about impatiently. Its dander was up. It plunged towards the nearest men who were shouting and waving their arms.

A Spaniard like Lorca would have grieved at this unsubtle display of men and bull.

> And the bull alone with a high heart!
> At five in the afternoon.
> When the sweat of snow was coming
> At five in the afternoon.

At Arles it was only two in the afternoon and no one had any use for a posturing dance of death. The bull least of all. It had a cockade fixed lightly below each horn. The youths in the arena were amateur bull-coursers, lads of the town, out to snatch a cockade and win a prize. They were unarmed and quite without the ritual and mysticism of blood sacrifice. They certainly risked their skins, but generally it was the skin of their posteriors. If one of them should be unlucky, the crowd would be horrified, probably rather ashamed. As for the philosophy and poetry of death, they were not interested.

The bull was charging at anyone who came within its range of vision. There was one young man, in floppy trousers, naked above the waist, who acted the comedian. This Grimaldi came up behind the bull, yelling and waving, and he tried to grab its tail. The bull did not see him, and the man, pretending sudden fear, dashed to the barricade at an exaggerated speed. The crowd chuckled and edged sideways as the shadows shifted.

Someone in the arena, after a flanking sprint, managed to snatch a cockade and then ran towards the bench of notables to be acclaimed. The bull followed and the man interrupted his triumph by jumping to safety. There was applause and the trumpets played and the winner's name was shouted through a loud-speaker. The price of the second cockade was given—six hundred francs, the value of a tourist's petrol ticket on the black market. The motoring tourist was lucky; he had fifty tickets to dispose of and no bull to worry about.

There were quite a few tourists watching. You could tell the men because they were not wearing hats against the sun. You could tell the women because they sat on their skirts. The women of Arles sat on the hot rock with their frocks draped round them like petals.

Some of the tourists were disappointed, having been deceived by the notices in town announcing the bull-coursing. They had expected something bloodier, more passionate, something that could later be mentioned back home with cosmopolitan casualness. But this was not Hemingway, not even Lady Eleanor Smith.

In the arena the men were exhausted and they leaned against the barricade to regain their breath. The little bull of the Camargue was tireless, but it was not rash. It had a sense of theatre; it was a Gallic bull. It trotted, it walked, it dashed up and down a little fussily. It set the pace and the men sweated.

The bull chased a man to the barricade. The man tried to jump clear but took off on the wrong foot and crashed into the solid wood. Two pairs of arms reached down and swung him away from the horns. The crowd gave a deep "Aahh," and the women wriggled prettily. A solitary spectator, waking from a doze under a straw hat, busied himself with a bag of sweets. An old peasant who might have stepped out of a Van Gogh lay on his back and looked at a Van Gogh sky. Life was hot and lethargic and very pleasant.

Much later, after three or four bulls had yielded their cockades, and some children had done country dancing to flute and drum, and the trumpets had played a harsh finale, we clambered down to ground level and left by the archway where the nuns were still seated. They seemed as old as the ruins.

NEIL MCCALLUM

The Arts and Entertainment

THE CRITICISM OF CONTEMPORARIES

MY last article compared recent Colquhouns unfavourably with some new MacBrydes. By the time they were in print it was too late for my remarks to be tested; for the *Lefevre* had removed the best MacBrydes and introduced a new, large and very good painting of two Scots women by Colquhoun. Since this picture was outstanding amongst the lesser MacBrydes the situation which readers will have found at the gallery was quite the opposite of the one I had described. I point this out for Colquhoun's sake as well as my own: the deterioration suggested by the smaller of his new works is largely contradicted by this latest and biggest newcomer.

Readers may think me over-finicky in explaining this. But criticism of contemporary activity is surely the most difficult kind; and a practitioner like myself who goes in for criticism which involves his fellow artists is doubly sensitive: he has to be true to the most permanent values of which he is aware—but he also wishes to praise wherever possible, knowing how irrelevant all he says will seem to the artist anyway. I might consider MacBryde in relation to Braque: my findings on this level would sound harsh in the ears of MacBryde. But in some measure I can, alternatively, put myself in MacBryde's place; and from such a standpoint my emphasis would naturally fall on the successes; I would feel it was quite remarkable that something had been made that was capable of evoking comparison with a master. I think there is always room for an essentially optimistic approach in any criticism of contemporaries: those artists who are trying to say something new need every encouragement they can get. Yet easy praise from friends may exasperate as much as the lack of understanding shown by those whose sensibility to new forms is limited, if not precluded, by a fierce adherence to the standards of an old aesthetic—an aesthetic which has served its purpose and so passed into history. The modern artist wants a critic who shares his own experience of the modern masters who have followed Cézanne. Indeed, no one else is equipped to comment on his productions; no one else can measure the modern artist's achievement against his aspiration and proclaim both to a patient public.

It now seems beyond doubt that that section of our population which interests itself in modern art has very greatly increased in numbers since 1939. Then why "patient"? Because there is a gap between the first apprehension of new values in art and the conscious acceptance of them. People do not at once give themselves that sort of account of their experience of new works, which they may call the "explanation" of those works. But they are willing to listen to the elucidation of unfamiliar pictures if those pictures somehow strike them as having some valid basis in experience. I put "explanation" in inverted commas because obviously any explanation of a work of art is not really an explanation at all: the further the defining intellect invades the artist's province, the further that which eludes definition recedes. We may think something has been "explained" when in fact it has merely passed into a condition in relation to ourselves which poses no questions. Have Turner and Constable ever been explained to the extent and in the sense that a modern critic is supposed to explain a modern painter? Imagine trying to "justify" *Interior at Petworth* to someone who thought David the supreme modern painter. Without ever having been reduced to rational elements the art of Constable or Turner is still a mystery, but one that we have all long since absorbed into ourselves.

At the *Hanover Gallery*, St. George Street, are paintings by Gerald Wilde and Michael Ayrton: the spectator may find the first more of a mystery than the second, for Michael Ayrton provides little than cannot easily be grasped, in these "Italian Studies," mostly of figures in landscape. Some of these little pictures are composed with a comparative

sence of those spiky and minutely rendered forms, hich suggested that his denunciation of modern ought had left him with no better inspiration than e Pre-Raphaelites. Also, his actual touch now ems to be broadening here and there, so that one is casionally almost reminded of Lurçat. But this also due to the sole modern feature of these paint-gs—the habit of extending a seashore to surrealist roportions of empty flatness. Gerald Wilde, how-er, reminds us of no one. Starting with a terrific st for colour, as well as for oil paint itself—and he rags and pushes it about with great feeling and ill—Wilde produces a dazzling web-like design hich almost conceals the subject of his picture. e suddenly notice the elementary symbol of a city ilding (a tall oblong containing squares for win-ows) toppling under the sideways pressure of the sign itself, congested as that is with less decipher-ble forms.

Since Wildes' design is begotten of the inter-eaving of stringy lines—there are few plain rfaces—the forms he creates have always a spectral, keleton quality. It is as though one defined a paper arcel by drawing only the string that binds it. But is works are essentially gay, despite this: his colour responsible for the gaiety, of course: some of ese pictures are remarkable for their organisation f colour in the subtlest schemes. Indeed one ignores eir subjects pretty completely in the enjoyment of is abstract entity, their colour. The ordering of hun-reds of different colour "notes" involves a faculty at is common to painters and composers alike: Wilde unmistakably displays such powers.

Gimpel Fils open their new gallery at 50, South olton Street, with a show of Lurçat tapestries. It important to remember that these are tapestries, nd not paintings. They show the *application* of pictorial vision to semi-pictorial ends: to forget ey are not paintings is to find the formal devices f their design too repetitive, too intricately and enly worked out and, above all, lacking in the symmetric peculiarities of balance which a picture isplays. But, as a translation of cubist idioms into rms of thread, they are brilliant.

At the St. George's Gallery the little collection of lfred Wallis paintings should not be missed. Wallis, the St. Ives fisherman, is easily the most nteresting of the non-professional painters since ousseau: the first "Sunday Painter," Louis Vivin, ho makes up the other half of this exhibition, is not n the same level at all. While the aesthetic of Wallis as relevance for the most able and mature of modern ainters, that of Vivin is simply undeveloped and lementary.

PATRICK HERON

THE MOVIES

"The Winslow Boy," at the Plaza
"The Exile," at the New Gallery
"The Weaker Sex," at the Odeon, Marble Arch

It takes quite a time for people in real life to get up from chairs, move across rooms to doors, open them, walk through, and close the doors afterwards: the process seems much longer anyway when you photograph it; and if it is also pointless it appears to take an age. But one of the advantages the film world has over our own is that its people can be passed through doors without doing all that: this seems so elementary and obvious that it becomes more and more surprising how many of our ablest film makers let the life ooze out of their work through unnecessary movements. *The Winslow Boy* is a good film, made by a good director, with the help of a good writer, out of a good play. (How pleasant to write a sentence like that about a British film again, after the barren period we have been through!) All the more, then, one longs for some good cutting on top of its other virtues.

The picture runs for over two hours: if it lasted, say, an hour and a half, with the less convincing theatricalities taken out as well as all the unnecessary goings-about, it would be not just a good film but something to cheer for, full-throatedly, because the theme is fine and the characters admirably handled. Incidentally, slowness is an odd thing to find in a picture with Anthony Asquith as director, working with Terence Rattigan on the script, because it was those two together who gave us the superbly economical *The Way to the Stars*.

There are wider implications about justice for the individual in this story of the naval cadet round whom rages a legal battle: is it tolerable that the Admiralty can sack him, without a hearing, for stealing a five-shilling postal order from another boy? The implications are excellently put across by Robert Donat as the defending barrister, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke (whom I have never liked in any part so much before) as the stubborn father, defending his boy's honour less from affection than pride and an outsize sense of right. In the play, there was a theatrically effective but dubious scene of savage cross-examination of the boy by the great counsel, before he accepts the brief. It ended with the over-casually spoken words, "Send the papers to my Chambers. The boy's obviously innocent." On the screen this is still effective, but sounds yet more phoney in the close-up realism of the medium; and it is surely a mistake to tell us that the barrister, who is also an M.P., is about to make a terrifically impressive speech in the House, and then let us hear a lot of it: it doesn't—can't—sound anything like impressive enough. Another improbable and unnecessary twist of fancy rather spoils the court scene at the end.

The Exile is a frolic with history in which Charles II (Douglas Fairbanks) has an affair with a pretty Dutch farm girl: not one of those royal dalliances we have read of, but real big heart stuff, so that perhaps we can understand his later life all the better if we think of him as just looking for a lost love in other forms, all the time. He fights a battle from the revolving sails of a windmill, but my favourite moment comes when he is bidding goodbye to his Dutch lady. "All these memories I shall put, like rose leaves"—he says—and then looks round, apparently to find an end to this difficult sentence, "In a box," he adds at last, getting no help from the scenery. And this from "the wittiest monarch who ever sat on the English throne . . ."

The Weaker Sex is from the play "No Medals," and tells me again (as if I didn't know, from all those old M.o.I. films which it much resembles) that as a housewife I was absolutely wonderful during the war, and am pretty marvellous still, the way I go on patiently standing in queues and putting up with shortages. You cannot show the recent national past on the screen, with actual photographs of air-raids, the landing-craft grounding on the beaches on D-Day, and stoical partings of young lovers in uniform, without stirring private chords of sympathy in everyone, so that parts of this picture are inevitably touching, but I cannot imagine why it was made now. It is acted with spirit and charm by Ursula Jeans, Cecil Parker and others, but particularly when it wanders nearer the present day, with newsreel shots of Mr. Attlee coming to power, it looks as though they are wondering the same thing.

E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

RADIO NOTES

The Apple Cart, *White Scourge* and *The Children of Europe*: Mr. Shaw's play and Mr. Glover's and Miss Banks' documentary features have little in common, yet to listen to them in sequence was to have certain conclusions about radio powerfully reinforced. Of these the most important is that the *ersatz*, in this instance *White Scourge*, never satisfies. A radio-dramatic programme must depend ultimately on one of two things, the quality of the writing or the vividness of the recordings of actuality. *The Apple Cart* is not, I think, among Mr. Shaw's best plays; it is, like so much of his later work, a sustained improvisation. But it successfully held the attention for more than two hours through the sheer brilliance of its writing. The ear delights in good

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prose for its own sake, and what seemed maddening irrelevances on the stage—the opening scene between Pamphilius and Sempronius, for example—were accepted in the broadcast version without question; they had the fascination of first-rate talk. Indeed, *The Apple Cart* seems to me better fitted for radio than for the theatre. How embarrassing, for instance, it is to watch the interlude between Magnus and Orinthia. Physical love is not a subject Mr. Shaw understands and his treatment of it almost always grates. As broadcast last week, *The Apple Cart* was good fun and still topical; and it was good to hear Mr. Esme Percy, still our best Shavian actor, once again acting in Shaw.

The Children of Europe owed its success largely to the excellence of the recordings. A survey of the misery that is the heritage of war, this programme might have been a gratuitous assault upon the emotions. But there was a complete absence of sentimentality both in Miss Banks' writing and in Mr. Edward Ward's narration. Then the recordings themselves had the effect of establishing a context of normality, of setting the horror and the poignancy in some kind of perspective; there was, for example, the delightful interview with the priest, against a hubbub of boys' voices, in the home for mutilated children in Rome. In the end, what might have been an infinitely harrowing programme managed even to suggest hopefulness. As much as possible, Miss Banks and Mr. Ward let the children speak—and sing—for themselves. Then, whatever their sufferings may have been, they were human beings, not cases, and we responded to them as human beings.

I have described *White Scourge* as *ersatz*, yet I have no wish to be unjust to a serious and worthy programme. It was a dramatised account of the fight against tuberculosis; a cautionary tale with the defects of a cautionary tale. We followed the progress of two sufferers from the disease, the Good Patient and the Bad Patient; and it was exactly here that the programme was wanting. For the two key-characters never came alive; they were plainly stooges, illustrations of a theme. Though superior to the characters in the Electricity Board's "Switch Family Robinson" advertisements, they belonged to the same order of creation. Mr. Glover began his programme with a dramatised extract from Charlotte Brontë: it was excellent but misguided, for the vigour of its prose and the vitality of its characters set a standard which Mr. Glover could not attain. *White Scourge* called, I think, either for wholly imaginative treatment or for the recorded actuality of Miss Banks. Nothing is less convincing than faked, i.e., "acted," actuality such as this programme offered.

Of the week's talks I found Mr. L. E. Whyte's *From Idea to Achievement*, on the time-lag between the conception of scientific ideas and their recognition and realisation in practice, especially interesting; not only because of its theme but also for the incidental account of the life and career of that remarkable man, Geoffrey Pyke.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE THEATRE

"Twelfth Night," at the New Theatre.

Mr. Alec Guinness's production, with which the Old Vic reopens its season, begins and finishes in thundery darkness with Mr. Robert Eddison as Feste crouched in the lee of Mr. Michael Warre's unwelcoming scenery and looking like an unusually tall version of Lear's Fool. This Feste is white-haired, hollow-eyed, obviously tubercular, as wracked by desire for revenge as Rigoletto and, as far as could be made out, equally ravaged by a hopeless passion for Olivia. Mr. Eddison's doomed voice and haunted countenance dominate the Illyrian scene like a *memento mori*, in open defiance of that other Feste of the text, the agile-minded creature who liked to be paid à la carte for witticism and singing, and who gave us three half-flippant, half-melancholy songs and much chatter. The comedy seems keyed low to suit Mr. Eddison; and even Mr. Mark Dignam, though pleasantly dry-as-dust, somehow skims Malvolio of his comic cream.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke's Sir Toby Belch is on the other hand triumphantly funny, though again in a subdued vein. Here is at last a knight who is aristocratic enough to be Olivia's near relation, an endearing character who is perpetually in the dignified stage of drunkenness, very deliberate, slightly detached, noble though unsteady. Viola, the serious link between the revellers and the introspection and self-admiration of those fantastics, Olivia, Malvolio and Orsino, is played by Miss Jane Baxter, who kills the poetry of her lines. She does nicely in well-mannered modern comedies and her speech is of unimpeachable refinement, but Viola is of Illyria not London W.8, and her tender, rapt sincerity cannot be translated into terms of cheerful good-will to all and a hearty physique. Miss Faith Brook's Olivia is in some danger of catching the same manner.

Where is the varying pace, the tenderness, the charm, the "changeable taffeta" quality of the play? Visually the production is not helped by Mr. Warre's two curious tool-sheds, one each side of the stage, which revolve, open out and finally even change sides. The company gave one the feeling that they were at great pains to include this scenic apparatus in the action, or die in the attempt.

Correspondence

SOVIET GENETICS

SIR,—Professor Haldane stated in your issue of September 11 that he desires facts about the latest developments in the Russian genetics controversy. It is possible to give definite information on one point at least. On August 26, that is, a fortnight before Professor Haldane's letter was published, the Praesidium of the Soviet Academy of Sciences adopted a resolution that Academician Schmalhausen (mentioned by Haldane as not having lost his post) should be relieved of his duties as Director of the Institute of Evolutionary Morphology.

The same resolution dismissed from their posts: Dubinin, director of the Cytogenetics Laboratory, "for its anti-scientific attitude and absence of results"; Academician Orbelli, Secretary of Biological Sciences in the Soviet Academy.

The resolution concluded with a pledge "to check up on personnel of scientific establishments and editorial boards of scientific publications so as to remove the adherents of Weismann-Morgan genetics and bring in followers of Michurin's progressive teaching."

These developments were foreshadowed by the *Pravda* editorial of August 12, which declared that: "Unfortunately, some of the Soviet biologists (I. I. Schmalhausen, B. M. Zavadovsky, A. R. Zhebrak, N. P. Dubinin and others) who represent the Weismann-Morgan school, have separated themselves from the vital interests of Soviet people. . . . Instead of helping to solve urgent tasks they retard the progress of agricultural science. . . . Their scientific activity is often worse than complete inactivity . . ."

Discovery.

WILLIAM E. DICK

244 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

SIR,—If your correspondent, Mr. S. Jackson, reports the French account of the Lysenko-Vavilov controversy correctly, we should condole with him on his discovery of a collection of incorrect statements.

No experienced gardener would agree that "in grafting the recipient takes on the characters of the graft." In my own garden there is a Victoria plum, a sucker which has been allowed to grow to maturity. The leaves and fruit are entirely different from those of the Victoria. Most rose-growers have experience of the same sort. Incidentally, trees usually multiply by a sexual process, not by budding. In some grafting experiments the stock is infected by a virus which does not damage it, but will damage the scion. Such

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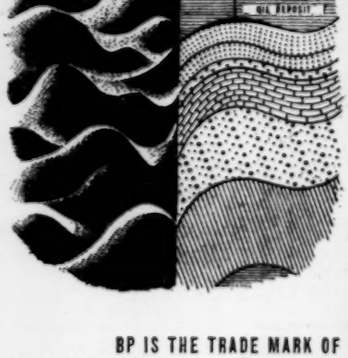

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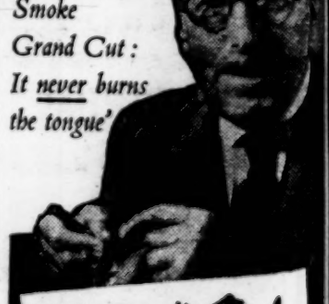

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unsuspected virus infection may explain many of Lysenko's results, for virus infection does not necessarily kill, or even seriously injure, plants or animals.

There is evidence that mutation is "caused," and that the frequency of mutation can be artificially increased. A simple account of some of the observations and theories is in Schrodinger's little book *What is Life?*

The great error, however, is that Mr. Jackson fails to consider the interaction of inherited qualities with environment. No living being can exist apart from its environment, and therefore one must consider inheritance in relation to environment, and vice versa. One might say that the genes represent the potentialities of the organism, the realisation of which depends to a great extent on its environment.

In the palmy days of classical physics, it was customary to study the effect of changing one variable while holding all others constant, and this habit of thought was carried over into the early phases of biology. Largely owing to the brilliant work of R. A. Fisher the error of this attitude has been recognised, and methods are now available for the study of several variables and their interaction. In plants and insects, and in a few mammals, "inborn" peculiarities may only become manifest in a suitable environment; the most important environmental factors in such cases are usually temperature and humidity, but since the tissues of mammals are held at constant temperature and humidity from conception to death, it seems unlikely that the inborn peculiarities of humans will show much dependence on what are usually called "environmental differences."

The term "congenital" is often misused. Tuberculosis is no more inherited than is typhoid fever—both are infectious. The child of tuberculous parents is likely to be tuberculous because he lives in close contact with his parents, and so has a greater chance of being infected by them: under favourable social conditions he might well, and often does, escape infection. It is generally agreed that "intelligence," as measured by the psychologists, depends partly on inborn qualities, and partly on environment, particularly on nutrition and social background.

I concern myself with disease in humans, and I can assure Mr. Jackson that I have studied many families in which the transmission of a socially important inborn defect is clear, and similar to that of the socially neutral qualities such as the blood-groups. It is sometimes possible to treat sufferers from such a defect and to produce an apparent cure, but the same defect often appears again in the children; some such diseases have been recognised as early as the first or second week of life. I deal almost daily with infants actually born with a disease which, though not inherited, depends on inherited factors which are in themselves socially neutral.

To-day, even in this country, we can get quicker returns from our labour if we attempt to control environmental causes of disease in man; inherited disease is important only to the sufferers and their more intelligent relatives. If social conditions continue to improve—and that can only occur if science is independent of political theory—after many generations inherited disease may prove our chief problem.

In the culture of plants and domestic animals, where we deal not with disease, but with "improvements," genetics already has produced useful results.

I am perturbed by your correspondent's last paragraph, for he suggests that social expediencey is more important than truth. Nowadays it is unfashionable for scientists to talk of "truth," but I suggest that a "true" theory is one which unites the maximum number of apparently unco-ordinated facts into an orderly whole. Judged by this standard, the modern biology and genetics, as represented by Huxley, Darlington, and Fisher in this country, recognising the interaction between inherited qualities and environment, must be considered true, while the arguments of the Lysenko school are invalid.

CLINICAL PATHOLOGIST

SIR,—I am not competent to enter a discussion as to the possible inheritance of acquired characteristics, but I must join issue with Mr. S. Jackson on the medical aspects.

1. "[Lysenko's] theory means that the child of tubercular parents need not have tubercular children." No doctor will dispute this revelation as set out, because tuberculosis has been known to be an infection since Koch isolated the organism in 1882. Possibly Mr. Jackson had to omit the so-called "tuberculous diathesis" through lack of space; otherwise I make him a present of it.

2. ". . . the child of sickly parents, though undernourished, maltreated and conditioned into semi-idiocy from birth to, say, its seventh or eighth year, can be retrieved and will be able to engender normally healthy and intelligent children." Again, no doctor will dispute this, provided he thinks he knows what "conditioned into semi-idiocy" means. "That is to say," continues Mr. Jackson, "that the character of health and intelligence acquired some years after birth can be transmitted." I cannot see that this follows; but if it does, it also follows that if I starve, maltreat and "condition into semi-idiocy" my child *before* it reaches its seventh or eighth year, the undesirable effects will *not* be transmitted.

I shall beat my boy when he sneezes, until his eighth birthday; my grandchildren shall be healthy and strong.

M. B.

ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR,—On a Thursday morning my C.O., on behalf of a grateful country, thanked me for my services as an air gunner: on the Monday I was refused my first application for a job because I was a Jew. Since then I have been rather more disturbed by social anti-Semitism than by the more spectacular activities of the post-war mushroom fascist groups.

My experience in trying to get a job—I am in the fur trade—wasn't at all unusual. Probably 60 per cent of the non-Jewish furriers in London practise anti-Semitism to a greater or lesser degree. In trades with less Jews in them discrimination is less widespread. For all that, in every occupation Jews are being banned from more and more posts or are being put on the humiliating quota system.

Where a Jew looks obviously Jewish he can easily be refused a job or admittance to a club, merely by telling him he isn't suitable or there are no vacancies. There is no need for the word Jew to be mentioned and there can be no cause for any recriminations. It is from the many Jews who do not look Semitic that one gets the whole sordid story of quotas (few Universities and schools take more than 10 per cent), of polite rebuffs at selection boards, and of refusals for almost any job—from the delicately worded "place of birth of yourself and parents" to the blunt, but no worse, "No Jews here."

In North London, where I live, many of the dozens of golf clubs would deny that they are anti-Semitic. None of them, however, would enrol you as a member if your name were Finkelstein. Tennis clubs are somewhat better, although nearly all the larger ones are "exclusive."

Whether or not the present movement towards intolerance will continue, I do not know. Certainly in every country there is an alarming hardening of the attitude to all minorities, racial and ideological. But Jews can do something to halt it here, although we can do little without the goodwill of non-Jews. Were 10 per cent, 5 per cent, 2 per cent even, actively to discourage anti-Semitism I feel it would almost be enough. Were there schoolmasters who were not very good at recognising potential scholars as Jewish; were there golf club committee members who thought that Cohen was a Christian name; were there more employers who engaged a man regardless of profile; were there people with the plain guts to answer the cheap gibes and sneers that one hears wherever ladies and gentlemen meet, were there these, and any appreciable number of men and

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women who really believed that all men are created equal, anti-Semitism might well be checked, and Britain remain a Social, as well as a Political, Democracy.

GEORGE M. MORRIS.

GREECE

SIR,—The tripartite *démarche* on the Balkan countries to cease from giving assistance to the Greek guerrillas is a clear recognition of the futility of trying to settle the Greek issue by force. The British and American Governments are supplying the Greek Army with arms and advice; the United Nations' observers complain that Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria are succouring the rebels in various ways. Where does all this leave the harassed Greek people? The Western Powers declare that it is impossible to end the civil war so long as the guerrillas can jump over the frontiers and return by other passes into Greece. They cannot be so naive as to expect the Balkan Governments to assent to frontier control, which means that the conflict will go on indefinitely.

Again, one must ask if this is fair to Greece and a reasonable discharge of the deep obligation under which the Allies were placed by Greek valour in the last war? Is it beyond the capacity of world statesmanship to provide a remedy that does not depend on force? When the Greek Premier recently thought the civil war was over he promised that there would be free and fair elections, which seems to reflect on the quality of the 1946 elections that produced the Populist majority. At least the United Nations, before giving way to despair, might experiment with a truce and mediation, for many Greek democrats, like myself, feel that this is the only way to tranquillise a nation which is smouldering with frustration and resentment at being made an ideological battlefield.

E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

15 New Street, Bishopsgate.

HIGHLAND ROADS

SIR,—"The only improvement they seem to have made in the road," writes Critic last week in his Highland Diary contribution, "is that at intervals of a few hundred yards they have levelled off bulges in which a car can stand while another has the road. And I should really very much like to know what ingenious contractor persuaded the Council to set up on these bulges an iron stanchion like a Belisha Beacon on which is displayed a placard, 'Passing Place.' The idea must have originated with Heath Robinson."

It was not the contractor who persuaded the council, but the council which instructed the contractor, as may well be understood by those using such roads at night, or in winter. The stanchion, in daylight, or at night, in a car's headlights, indicates precisely where vehicles may pass one another without premature caution and slackening of speed.

Even more important is the stanchions' function in snow-time. After a heavy snow-fall, they show not only the alignment of a narrow road buried in snow, but also the spots at which one may move a few feet to the right or to the left without getting bogged or ditched.

The very placard has its use, though its legend may appear unnecessary. I have known such roads in winter when only the placard and the few inches of stanchion above it were visible in the snowdrifts. So we must assume that Critic travelled this country under conditions when the stanchions' existence seemed unnecessary.

One Acre, ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR.
Bracknell, Berks.

BRITISH SOCIALISM

SIR,—May I add a personal footnote to Mr. Crossman's penetrating and persuasive review of my new book, *The Triple Challenge*, and deny the charge he so gaily brings against me of "despising Shinwell," "distrusting Dalton," and "suspecting Morrison." I am conscious of no such emotions. On the contrary, I both respect Shinwell and have a deep personal affection for him. So far from distrusting Dalton, I am proud to think he and I have been close friends for many a long year and it has always puzzled me, as I point out in this very book, to know why he should be the target of so much unjustified bitterness. As for suspecting Herbert Morrison, the only thing I suspect about him is that he does not always appreciate how much I admire him—but that is my loss, not his.

Mr. Crossman must not assume that an occasional questioning of judgment denotes either contempt or suspicion, still less distrust. If that were so, how should any of us in politics hope to have any friends—and how should we continue to love Mr. Crossman as much as we all do?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

42 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

"RING FOR OUR BOOTS"

SIR,—Grateful as all right-thinking persons must be to Mr. Arthur Marshall for his investigations into the mysterious inconsistencies of Dr. Watson's' matrimonial and professional careers, it seems rather probable that he is a beginner in this field, and does not altogether fully comprehend the immense amount of vigorous research that has already been carried out on these questions by earlier students.

The standard work on the subject was published as long ago as 1931, and is from the distinguished pen of Mr. S. C. Roberts, the present Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Entitled *Doctor Watson* (Faber), and sub-titled "Prolegomena to the study of a biographical problem, with a bibliography of Sherlock Holmes," this study demonstrates conclusively that, far from Dr. Watson being the indifferent husband of Mr. Marshall's conception, he was, on the contrary, so good a hand at the business as to manage to collect, during the years of his association with Holmes, not one Mrs. Watson only, but—in proper sequence, of course—two. The identity of this second wife is involved in a good deal of obscurity, though Mr. Roberts makes a strong case for her being Violet de Merville—"beautiful, accomplished, a wonder-woman in every way"—whose earlier career may be studied in the affair of *The Illustrious Client*. But the whole subject bristles with the most fascinating difficulties: it is not, for example, even certain whether the celebrated Jezail-bullet found its billet in Watson's arm, or his leg.

Bixley Haven, Woodbury, MARGARET PENN
Nr. Exeter.

POETRY COMPETITION

SIR,—I would like to draw your attention to the Greenwood Poetry Competition which the Poetry Society is empowered to handle by the Executors of the late Mrs. Julia Greenwood.

This prize offers the sum of £20 for the best single poem in open competition. Only one poem may be submitted by any one competitor, the length not to exceed 250 lines. No previously published poem may be entered. The full name and address of the author must be given and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed. If a *nom de plume* is used the name and address of the sender must be given in an enclosed envelope. Entries should be addressed to The Greenwood Prize, 33, Portman Square, London, W.1.

Owing to the shortage of entries, the Poetry Society has decided to extend the closing date of the Greenwood Competition for 1948 to 28th February, 1949.

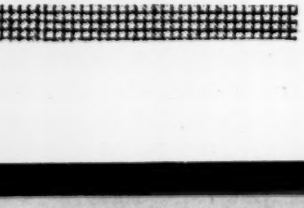
It is hoped that all poets will enter.

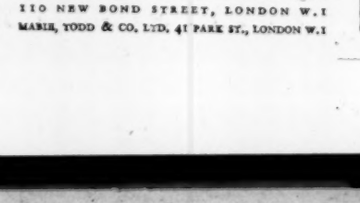
MURIEL SPARK,
General Secretary, The Poetry Society,
Editor, The Poetry Review.
33, Portman Square, London, W.1.

GOEBBELS' DIARIES

SIR,—It has been represented to me that my light-hearted remarks in your last issue on the Diaries of Goebbels reflect on the credit of those associated with their publication. Such was not my intention. I have no grounds for questioning their authenticity.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE notebooks of the great authors are the idlest kind of reading as, for their writers, they have so often been the idlest kind of writing: in the forest of life they mark the trees to be felled. It is always a moment this, delicate and touch-and-go, when a piece of life is chipped off and is still neither life nor art, a fragment with the sap, the zing, the freshness still on it, to be picked up and considered. We are at a beginning, and there is a kind of pathos in knowing that presently this bright bit will be lost to life and become an anonymous, altered and perhaps undecipherable piece in the forbidding structure of a work of art. To some minds and especially the critical, there will be a pleasure in tracing the history of that chip from the time when it flew off the axe until it found its present home in what Henry James called "the real thing"; to lazier minds there is the pleasure of being there as the first stroke rings, even when it rings flat and untrue. "A good deal might be done with Henry Pratt" wrote Henry James, recalling an evening with this friend of his in Venice. How one responds to that suddenly decisive and injudicious cry. Hurrah, the woodman has not spared the tree! Bring Henry Pratt in here. Let us *all* look him over. Let us keep him here, with the soil on his boots, while we make up our ingenious minds. That is one pleasure of notebooks: they are dramatic. A character, a scene, a smudge of scenery, half a dozen lines of talk, a few epigrams with no visible means of support, are caught in their innocence. The other attraction is the strangeness of the workshop. Here are not only the acceptable ideas but the unacceptable, the discarded, the litter of a profession, the failures.

*The Notebooks of Henry James** which have at last come from their excellent American editors, belong to the working kind. Even the opening judgment on his first twelve years as a writer is done to clear the mind and not to indulge his memory. The great are monsters of efficiency, the mills work day and night. What strikes us is how much James's notes were used. Hawthorne's long notes, for example, seem to have been a studied alternative to his real subjects. Dostoevski's—as far as we know them by quotation—generate fog rather than precision, though we may regard Dostoevski as a note-writer whose object is to work up a fog of the right density. With James the matter is all literal: not for nothing do we say that the American genius is technical and for production. The prefaces, the anecdotes that have come down to us, show that nothing was lost: James was presentable and publishable in his very socks. His life was an arrangement in words, born to circulate. These *Notebooks* of his were begun in Boston when he was 38 and when he feared that he had lost too many impressions slip by, and they cover thirty years. They confirm that the word was literally his form of life, as if sentences rather than blood ran in his veins. Outside of words lay the unspeakable:

> Meanwhile the soothing, the healing, the sacred and salutary refuge from all these vulgarities and pains is simply to lose myself in this quiet, this blessed and uninvaded workroom, in the inestimable effort and refreshment of art, in resolute and beneficent production. I come back to it with a treasure of experience, of wisdom, of acquired material, of (it seems to me) seasoned fortitude and augmented capacity. Purchased by disgust enough, it is at any rate, a boon that now I hold it, I feel I wouldn't, I oughtn't to have missed. Ah, the terrible law of the artist—the law of fructification, of fertilisation, the law by which everything is grist to his mill—the law in short of the acceptance of all experience, of all suffering, of *all* life, of *all* suggestion, sensation and illumination.

And again:

> To live *in* the world of creation—to get into it and stay in it . . .

This is a language, with its "inestimables," its "alls," its "boons" and "beneficences," which oddly recalls the other-worldly language (so blandly assuming solid rewards on earth) of his contemporaries, the American Transcendentalists: like them Henry James was tuning in to a private Infinite which would give the painful American gregariousness a sense of privacy. His words to Logan Pearsall Smith who had described a desire to excel in literature (I quote from Simon Nowell Smith's *The Legend of the Master*) are the proper conclusion:

> There is one word—let me impress upon you—which you must inscribe on your banner, and that word is Loneliness.

Loneliness, like a pair of empty eyes, stares between the lines of this volume. We see the empty silent room, the desk, the lost, blank face of the well-dressed writer. Already as he takes his pen, he is far away from the dinner party he has just left. He is caught by "the terrible law." As fast as Emerson he is turning matter into spirit. Nearly every note is made after a meeting with people whose words, or what he knows of their lives, have provided him with one of his "germs," and at first sight, these pages might pass as the record of a vast sociability and indeed read like a discreet mass of anonymous gossip. James himself, once attacked by a Frenchman for frequenting people below his own intellectual level, might appear like another Thackeray ruined by dining out, or like the Major in *The Real Thing* with "the blankness, the deep intellectual repose of twenty years of country-house visiting." (The distinction of some of James's hosts, as Mr. Mathiessen points out, modifies this opinion when we think again.) But examine a typical note carefully: the memoranda of Henry James are not jottings and reminders. They are written out, hundreds of them, at length. They are not snatched out of time, but time is in them; already the creative process has begun. A glance shows how much of James's life must have passed in the immense labour of almost continuous writing, and writing out in full detail, as if to fill the emptiness of the day with the succulence of its lost verbatim. The earliest reference to *What Maisie Knew*—a story which may be followed from behind James's shoulder in many entries in this volume—is not a hurried shorthand. It might be a minute passed from one civil servant to another:

> Two days ago, at dinner at James Bryce's, Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Bryce's sister, mentioned to me a situation that she had known of, of which it struck me immediately that something might be made in a tale. A child (boy or girl would do, but I see a girl, which would make it different from *The Pupil*) was *divided* by its parents in consequence of their being divorced. The court, for some reason, didn't, as it might have done, give the child exclusively to either parent, but decreed that it was to spend its time equally with each—that is alternately. Each parent married again and the child went to them a month, or three months about—finding with the one a new mother and the other a new father. Might not something be done with the idea of an odd and particular relation springing up . . .

James passing minutes to himself, James in colloquy, writing himself long and intimate letters: this note becomes one of those preliminary private outpourings, a "voluminous effusion . . . so extremely familiar, confidential and intimate—in the form of an interminable garrulous letter addressed to my own fond fancy." Not only is his material the subject: he himself is in it, adjured, egged on and cozened. Strange cries, like the whimper of hounds on the scent, comically, not without mockery—and yet touchingly and even alarmingly: "I have only to let myself go"—break out. In life he is an outsider, but not here:

> I have brought this little matter of Maisie to a point at which a really detailed scenario of the rest is indispensable for a straight and sure advance to the end. Let me not, just Heaven—not, God knows, that I *incline* to!—slacken in my deep observance of this strong and beneficent method—this intensely structural, intensely hinged and jointed preliminary frame . . .

The coverts are drawn:

> What is this IX, then, the moment, the stage *of*? Well, of a more presented, a more visible cynisme, on the part of everybody. What *step* does the action take in it? *That of Sir C's* detachment from Ida—

Then comes the view:

> Ah this *divine* conception of one's little masses and periods in the scenic light—as rounded Acts; this patient, pious, nobly "vindictive" (vindicating) application of the same philosophy and method—I feel as if it still (above *all*, Yet) had a great deal to give me, and might carry me as far as I dream! God knows how far—into the flushed, dying day—*that is! De part et d'autre* Maisie has become a bore to her parents—with Mrs. Wix to help to prove it.

And so from field to field he runs, down to that kill, so protracted, so lovingly delayed lest one thrill of the chase be lost—"Do I get anything out of Folkestone?"—where Mrs. Wix at last "*dit son fait* to—or about."

We could not ask for a more explicit statement of the compulsive quality of the creative process; in fact, one could say that any other quality is excluded from these notes. There is little that is casual or speculative. The conception is musical or mathematical. Method has become a divinity. There are few descriptions of places though there is a warm evocation of what London meant to him in the early and almost pathetically impersonal summing up of his life at the beginning of the book. Our picture is continually of crowds of people, in clubs or drawing rooms; but not of people seen—for they are not usually described—but of people being useful to Henry James, in some way working for him, wired in unknown to themselves and all unworthily to his extraordinary system of secretive illumination. The lonely man lends them his foreign mind. Abstract notions occasionally are flashed to him: "What is there in the idea of Too Late?"—the idea of a passion or friendship long desired? But, generally, the information is trite. Even where the neatest plot is boxed, we see how the deliberate endeavour to heighten consciousness which contains the whole of Henry James's art, has transformed it at once. (After, we can ask how much this very deliberateness lost for him as a novelist.) Situation, dilemma rather than character, except in a very general way, mark the *Notebooks*; there is little portraiture and one would not gather much of James's richness in this respect, a richness which displaces for many heretical readers the metaphysical interest of the double and triple turning of the screw upon them. How many readers, like hungry, but well-provided spiders, run carelessly over that elaborate and mathematical web, shimmering with knots and subtleties from one beautifully trussed fly to the next.

For other novelists the value of Henry James's *Notebooks* is immense and to brood over them a major experience. The glow of the great impresario is on the pages. They are unwearyingly readable and endlessly stimulating, often moving and are occasionally relieved by a drop of gossip. (It is amusing to see him playing with the plot of *Trilby* which was offered to him by Du Maurier.) Of no other stories and novels in the language have we been shown that crucial point where experience or hearsay has suddenly become workable and why it has. We see ideas taken too briskly; we see bad ideas and good ones, we see the solid mature and the greatest ventures like *The Ambassadors* spring from a casual sentence. The ability to think of plots and to see characters is common; the difficulty is that one plot kills the next, that character sticks in the mud, and the novelist is motionless from sheer ability to see and invent too much. What made James a fertile writer was his brilliant use of what can only be called a slowing-down process. His material begins to move when the right difficulty, the proper technical obstruction or moral load is placed on it. The habit of imposing himself, rather than the gift of a great impressionability appears to have been his starting point; there was a conscious search by a consciousness that had been trained. For the kind of writer who stands outside life as James did, who indeed has no *life* in life, has to create himself before he can create others.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Notebooks of Henry James.* By F. O. Mathiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. *Oxford.* 30s.

THE ROYAL BORE

James II. By F. C. TURNER. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 21s.

There are many accounts of the Glorious Revolution of 1688 but few biographies of its cause and victim, James II. He is an unattractive subject. It is not merely because he was a bigot; some of the hypochondriacal bigots of the Counter-Reformation can make fascinating psychological studies; nor merely that he was a fool, for folly can be rich and various. James II was an obstinate bigot and a poor fool, but he was also worse than these: he was a bore; and the misfortunes of bores are excessively boring.

For forty years James II was the central figure of the most highly-coloured and vertiginous politics in English history. The wild waves of controversy were never still around him, and even his death precipitated a European war. Before the Restoration plotters had destined him, a silent dummy, for the English throne, his omnipresent figure impotently overshadowed the intrigues of the Cabal; in desperate moments he was packed off, silent and sulking, to convenient exile; the storms of the Popish Plot and the Exclusion Bill raged around him in his absence; but he, the cause and centre of the vortex, remained obstinately exempt from all the animation. If he broke silence it was only to vent unmannerly spleen; if he touched politics it was to bungle them. He could discern neither facts nor persons. Even his work at the Admiralty is shown to have been grossly overpraised. Suddenly he found himself King, and after a series of blunders too crass to be easily credited, deserted by his children, his favourites, his forces and his creatures, disowned even by his co-religionists both at home and abroad, he stumped off to bore the worldly courtiers of France with his dreary anecdotes and trivial devotions. His life lacks every touch of grace. Art and letters passed him by—though he patronised Purcell and may have been interested in music. His religion had no streak of divinity in it: "it was in any case," says Mr. Turner, "only the useless fag-end of his life that he in any real sense devoted to God." He was quite inaccessible to reason. His only speculations were in company-finance. His amours were sordid, coarsely described and indecently prolonged. His mistresses were so plain that his brother charitably supposed them to have been chosen as a penance by his priests. In spite of his misfortunes, his life is unredeemed by the saving touch of tragedy. At St. Germain he shocked and disgusted the French by his lack of dignity. While the well-drilled court of Louis XIV sought, with elaborate and ceremonious magnanimity, to conceal his humiliations, he preserved no such silence about them, but rattled insensitively on as if the recollection neither pained nor interested him. "When one listens to him," said Madame de Sévigné, "one understands why he is here"; and Liselotte wrote that "the more one sees of this King, the more favourable one feels towards the Prince of Orange and the more excuses one finds for him."

To write the biography of such a man—and a 500-page biography at that—would seem an heroic task; but Mr. Turner has performed it, and performed it well. If it is impossible to make James II interesting, he has at least made his history accurate. He claims to have based it "entirely on original authorities," but fortunately he has not in fact been quite so quixotic as that suggests, in spite of such unhelpful footnotes as a recommendation to the reader to see a document in the Archives of the French Ministry of Marine. Readers never act on such recommendations. In fact Mr. Turner has also made good use of the work of intervening scholars. Above all, his handling of the evidence is characterised by sound sense. The result is perhaps unexciting: his conclusions do not differ from the traditional verdict. But such is often the result of sense; it takes the silliness of Mr. Belloc to achieve a radical change. There are a few technical faults. For such a subject the book is really too long, and it could be made shorter. Far too much evidence is quoted verbatim in the text which could be summarised in footnotes, and the text is only made somewhat formless thereby; the system of reference to sources is desperately unhandy; and an M.A. (Oxon) should not repeatedly mis-spell Christ Church. But if anyone wants a reliable account of the life of James II, here it is. The danger is that few will. The history of the Revolution is so much more interesting than the history of the King; Macaulay wrote so much better than most of his successors; and the errors of Macaulay, after all that John Paget and Sir Charles Firth and Mr. Winston Churchill have written, remain astonishingly few. H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

OLYMPUS

Greek Piety. By MARTIN PERSSON NILSSON. *Oxford.* 15s.

It is hard to believe that a valuable contribution can now be made to the study of Greek religion without due deference being paid to the discoveries of modern anthropology and psychology. Frazer obliged us to see religion, not as one human phenomenon among many, but as the deep cause and effect of primitive man's total life. For him religious practices were a kind of gauge whereon he could read the workings of the collective human mind.

Before the first world war Jane Harrison and Gilbert Murray had revolutionised Greek studies by applying Frazerian anthropology to this hitherto sacrosanct territory. The "golden Greece" of Apollo and the muses was not, indeed, exploded, but was fitted into a new and startling context. The Greece of Homer was only a few centuries old in civilisation, and immediately behind it lay that great amorphous hinterland of the wholly primitive. What was to be shown by careful scholarship was what Nietzsche had already brilliantly surmised by poetical genius. Apollo had not, as was once assumed, subdued and civilised Dionysus. Olympus was a still active volcano, and under the noble feet of those anthropomorphic and strangely unconvincing deities the old primitive spirits were still eruptively alive. Frazer's idiosyncrasy was to relate every religious practice and belief to the seasonal birth and death of vegetation. Every god was in origin the spirit of the corn. It was Jung who proposed a deeper and more universal interpretation. To him religion is a positive expression of inner and unchanging fears and desires in the deep common mind of man. Like all great innovators, Jung had his private fads, his idiosyncrasies and foibles, but his great achievement was to swing attention back from the communal manifestations of religion, on which Frazer had so heavily insisted, to the study of religious belief as an outward sign of the inner workings of the mind. What was now needed was a new vision of religion in the light, but not in the strict faith, of Jung's discoveries. What was needed in the specific field of Greek religion was that someone should broadly use Jung here as Jane Harrison once used Frazer.

To read Professor Nilsson in this expectation is indeed to get stones when we ask for bread. One angry comment is the only reference we shall find here to the attempts of Freud and Jung to relate religion to their own psychological discoveries. But it would be unjust to attack Professor Nilsson for failing to do something which he never wished to do or thought worth the doing. His book is a good one within its stern limitations. There is probably no one living to-day who knows the facts of his subject better, and we must read his book for facts rather than for interpretations. Here he sums up for us a lifetime of diligent study, and there can seldom have been pages more packed than these. It is important to remember that *Greek Piety* is a volume of conclusions. Those who want the full arguments must go to Professor Nilsson's earlier and more tentative works.

The defeat of the Persians, he suggests, brought about a fundamental change of emphasis in Greek religion. "Collective (State) religion silenced the protest which the demand of individual religion had raised in the memorable religious movements of the archaic age." It is natural but perhaps a little naive to think that Salamis and Plataeae opened the golden age of Greek articulacy, and the gods of these articulate Greeks were the official gods of the Homeric pantheon. It is of Zeus and Apollo, Artemis, Hera and Athene that we read in the dramatists, the poets and the philosophers. But these were the gods, treated already with a certain affectionate incredulity, of the ruling and educated classes. The older spirits lived on, and lived a far more active life, among the peasants and artisans. Their subterranean power erupts for a fearful moment in the pages of Euripides.

Professor Nilsson elsewhere relates the victory of Monotheism to the potent earthly example of monarchy in the Roman Empire. This needed to be said. Religious belief is directly affected both by scientific theory and by political practice. Yet it may seem that there is too much insistence here, and that the more difficult question of internal religious development is too easily avoided. *Greek Piety* remains, in any case, a solid contribution to its subject, traditional in outlook but traditional, too, in high scholarship.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

OUTWITTING MALTHUS?

People for the Commonwealth. By DUDLEY BARKER. *Werner Laurie.* 6s.

During and since the second world war, with its narrowly averted threat of hunger under U-boat blockade and its aftermath of shortages and debit balance of foreign payments, there have been not a few fresh British converts to the tenets of the Rev. Mr. Malthus. Acute scarcity of housing, tight rationing of consumers, shopping queues and painful congestion of transport and traffic—all these factors have combined to give a colourful imitation of excessive population pressing on straitened resources. And since the perils of atomic warfare in a densely peopled island are a new element reinforcing the Malthusian trend of thought, it is not surprising if many have reached the conclusion that the British population is too large and should be reduced. The problem is—how?

To that question Mr. Dudley Barker has an answer which is attractive in its bold simplicity. Starting from the premise that Britain's optimum population would be of the order of 30 millions—a figure at which the country could, at need, be self-supporting in food—he proposes that the "surplus" 20 millions should be redistributed over the Commonwealth. The dispersal (for which Mr. Hugh Dalton, M.P., in a prefatory note finds "the broad argument . . . quite unanswerable") would require careful planning. Observing correctly that unplanned emigration would tend to drain Britain of its vigorous, productive stock, and that the Dominions to-day require, not pioneering settlers on the land, but skilled workers to sustain their programmes of industrialisation, Mr. Barker advocates an imperial version of Mr. Silkin's New Towns. For example, a complete industrial town—factory workers and their dependents, together with the ancillary butchers, bakers and candle-stick makers and their families—would be moved from Yorkshire to a site in Australia, where the raw wool for processing would be available on the spot. Under such a scheme, he suggests, emigrants would not lose their familiar and valued social contacts; and the receiving Dominion, in return for an influx of trained textile operatives, could fairly be asked to accept a due proportion of useless mouths. Land-workers, miners and other primary producers would naturally not be eligible as emigrants; the plan would be applied broadly to the finishing industries dependent on imported raw materials. For strategic reasons the production of aircraft and armaments would also be dispersed.

Would the scheme work without (politically impracticable) compulsion? Mr. Barker considers that at least half the citizens of the towns scheduled for transplantation would willingly

company their machines overseas, and that ected volunteers from other areas could fill the ces of the reluctant. He may be right; much uld depend on the extent to which fear of atom mbs, unemployment or nation-wide under-urishment had become a compelling motive. more important question is whether Britain ust, in fact, take such drastic steps to outwit althus, and whether the benefits of deliberately ducing the population by 30-40 per cent. would as great as Mr. Barker suggests.

To begin with, it is not yet safe to assume at the high 1941-47 birth rate will continue or verse the demographic condition of the 1930s, hen we seemed destined to have to face, quite on, the problems of a gradually declining popu-tion. Nor need we yet conclude that the adverse st-war shift in the terms of trade, which to-day akes "exporting in order to eat" a labour of syphus, is permanent. At present, as Mr. Barker gues, increased numbers are apt to mean a ider gap between exports and imports, since llectively we consume more than we produce d market abroad. But even if a pessimistic ew be taken of our chances of greater, and onomically more efficient, output, we cannot be rtain that world prices of food and raw materials ill not again turn in our favour; nor, as I see it, oes Mr. Barker meet the argument that his *selec-d* emigrants—a section heavily weighted with illed factory workers—almost certainly create, ven to-day, values greater than those they con-me.

Mr. Barker's picture of a Britain in which there ould be a "buyer's market" for the house-unter, no over-grown "conurbations" swallow-g the countryside, and no fear of sudden death pleasantly de-congested roads, is pretty, but fear) illusory. He overlooks too many con-derations—the doubtful ability of Little Britain survive economically in a competitive world hen its home market and scale of production had een so reduced; the unresolved difficulty of fecting, after the dispersal, a cure for the *mal-istribution* of population which, as much as den-ty, lies at the bottom of our apparent over-rowding troubles. Even if it were practicable disperse 20 millions of the present population Britain, those who stayed behind would prob-bly experience not a demographer's Utopia but fe on a low standard, with disagreeably little iversity in consumption. And, as for the atom omb, this is surely an argument for dispersing, ot twenty millions, but fifty.

AYLMER VALLANCE

THE FILM HAMLET

Hamlet, the Film and the Play. Edited by ALAN DENT. *World Film Publications.* 21s.

Olivier's film of *Hamlet* has already supplied us with one memento volume, and here is a second, even more elaborate, and complete with text and justification. Why, by the way, do they have to go on bowing and scraping so? Must we be told again about the loyal little team, the invaluable art director, the music that speaks eloquently for itself (then why not let it do so?), the highly inventive camera-man, the generous instigation of the producer, and finally the vast and superb organisation provided by Mr. Rank? These are the lavish terms (with some pseudo-Shakespearean quips thrown in) of Sir Laurence's foreword; he then inclines to Mr. Alan Dent, the text-cutter (best obtainable advice, that effectual but elusive angel), who takes his time with a pretty lengthy self-congratulation, and thus returns the compliment—"'Nay, do not think I flatter,' Laurence Olivier! Shakespeare, in the making of this film, has inspired you to your single-minded best, etc., etc." Then, more soberly, Mr. Roger Furse writes on the settings and dresses; thirty pages of stills follow; and the whole thing winds up with the text of *Hamlet* indicating cuts and some screen directions.

The last cannot fail to interest anyone who has seen the film: purists will find here their case proved up to the hilt, while film-fans will admire the ingenuity and ruthlessness with which the scissors have been wielded. Granted that half or more of Shakespeare had to be discarded, it is fascinating to see half-lines, paragraphs, whole chunks going. The major cut, without which the whole enterprise would have been impossible, was, of course, the removal of the play's politics. War, invasion, civil unrest, Fortinbras, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—they are no more: this is *Hamlet* without the State of Denmark. Does the play survive? Yes, as *War and Peace* would without its Napoleonic campaign. The central characters are even brought a little nearer together, the escapes closed, the props thrown away; and what the film boldly attempts is to provide thus a more intimate drama, to extract an essence of *Hamlet*. One reason why it fails, or partially fails, is that this essence still belongs to the stage, and in transferring it to the screen there occurs dilution of another kind. On the screen *Hamlet* travels at a snail's pace that is fatal to drama. Why? Because the eye and not the ear (as Mr. Dent rightly points out) must be served first on the screen, and all we see here is a drama in very slow motion. The cameras and the actors have to amble about while Shakespeare's speeches spend themselves like a dripping tap. "The film . . . is at the root of it a visual art. The whole technique of the screen camera is built upon this fact, and insists upon it. What we *see* is now, and I think always will be, more important than what we *hear*." Thus, emphatically, Mr. Dent. But it doesn't seem to occur to him that a *Hamlet* in which what we see is more important than what we hear must inevitably be a contradiction in terms. Beside that contradiction, his omissions of speeches and simplified wordings, which he vigorously defends, don't really matter one way or the other.

This film *Hamlet* was, in my opinion, extraordinarily well done, but rather in the way that Mr. Larry Adler can fascinate us by simulating an orchestra on the mouth-organ. *Henry V*, in which the poetry matters less and the action more, was better suited to its screen medium, and among the tragedies *Macbeth* (as I pointed out when reviewing both these films) has far the best chances of qualified success. Olivier mentions in his foreword the idea of a film *Macbeth* "in a blood-bolter'd colour-scheme" which I hope he will realise. We have watched Shakespeare crawl; now let us see him rampage and run.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE BLACK COUNTRY

Conurbation. By THE WEST MIDLAND GROUP. *Architectural Press.* 30s.

Birmingham and the congeries of Black Country towns north and west of it, saddled with the hideous name Conurbation, are the subject of a survey by the West Midland Group. Here, made with minute care, is an examination of the industrial structure, the use of land, the housing and the local government of a manufacturing region where two and a half million people live. A major contribution to the report has come from members of the University of Birmingham, from the Vice-Chancellor and the heads of several departments downwards.

The book is precise and realistic. Its analysis of industry is sound and clear. The cardinal pursuits of the Black Country, its mining and iron and steel smelting and rolling have been in decline for seventy years. Slowly the link has perished between its indigenous mineral resources and its manufactures, as the coal and iron dwindled or were less exploited. Brick-making alone is

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still rooted in local raw materials, the Stourbridge marls and fireclays. Birmingham and its neighbours, now the home of the later metal processes, draw their coal and iron and steel from afar. The West Midland Group wants to see a regrouping of industries within the Conurbation to balance the falling-off of mining and smelting. A remedy is for towns like Dudley to develop "stable" industries, such as clothing, more immune from cyclical unemployment. Birmingham and its neighbours are poor in entertainment. The professions, distributive trades, sport, hotels and inns there engage a proportion of workers well below the national average. The improving of these services would bring more women into work, and so raise living standards. Because the heavier, dirtier industries are poor "family investments," there is a need to increase the leaven of more attractive occupations. The Group's prognosis is optimistic. Demands for the huge variety of light metal products—especially tubes and tools—that now characterise the Black Country are not expected to abate. Unemployment is less of a foe than in areas which are mainly concerned with the processes of extraction and refinement.

Where mining, smelting, and the other early processes have receded—and their hold is still strong in the western Black Country—broad acres lie derelict. In these, the exhausted quarries, the tips and spoil banks, the disused, choked canals, the West Midland Group finds a hope for the region. Birmingham and Smethwick have few open spaces, and next to no "undeveloped" land. But the Black Country to the west, in no sense a continuously built-up area, sprawls along canals and railways, clusters round its three or four ancient boroughs and its overgrown villages, and hems in wide stretches of land ruined and left by industry. These deserts are not without their oases of good farming country, and the hills around Dudley have not yet lost their noble woods. Greater London, square mile for square mile, has not more room for a Green Setting; practical ideas for its planting are put forward. Since over half of the Conurbation's acres are neither built upon nor used by industry, further expansion by the towns is not out of the question. All of them but Birmingham maintain higher fertility rates and larger families than are usual for England. Land enough exists for both Green Setting and natural increase of population (which will have passed its zenith by 1970), if only immigration into the Black Country can be controlled. What may be done to beautify the landscape is plain. Inviolable bounds must be set to future urban building. "Green wedges" should hold each town apart from its neighbours.

To make a parkland of derelict spaces, like those in Bilston and Oldbury for which Mr. Edward Lewis lays colourful plans, a new top-soil and expensive fertilisers will have to be brought in. It will need twenty-five years for the soil to reach full fertility and put forth the envisaged avenues of poplars. Mr. Lewis is a bold planner. (He was the first to recommend painted camouflage for blending factory outlines with trees.) "Ribbon-developed" houses will, after a term, be reduced. Water gardens are to be planted around abandoned canal basins. "The quarry depressions become sheltered dells." Instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree. This is landscape gardening indeed, a brave vision of a not very near future, which the Black Country cannot afford to ignore. Some comfort for the anxious ratepayer may come from the suggestion that each industry ought to heal the land it spoils.

The snag is that no representative body exists with power to carry out a general policy for land, housing, factory building and immigration in the whole Conurbation. The case for a master-plan can be made merely by reference to housing. The Group's survey of this is intelligent and thorough. The statistics are full. The fine array of photographs exaggerates nothing. Clearly, one house in every three must be replaced as soon as possible. This need clamours to be dealt with centrally. Bilston, Darlaston, Tipton and Wednesbury cannot build unless existing houses are first pulled down, or derelict land is reclaimed. Smethwick has been driven to build a thousand houses within the borough of Oldbury. Something has been achieved by the forming of six joint planning executive committees from 23 of the 24 local authorities. But the serious effects of "administrative fragmentation" remain. Present boundaries split some of the "organic" townships around which the Black Country grew. By contrast, the borough of Tipton is a shapeless congregation of villages, with residential and shopping districts lying along its perimeter, its growth stunted by intersecting railways and canals. The Boundary Commission of 1945 thought of a county of South Staffordshire to embrace Walsall, Wolverhampton and Dudley; but the West Midland Group would prefer the new county to be doubled in size to include Birmingham as its capital. That the individuality of the ancient Black Country boroughs might be swamped is a difficulty which the present b stresses but hardly solves. The dismal convic remains that the *status quo* encourages ribb development. Rural districts profit by it, a raises their rateable values. Only the gre authorities can preserve the countryside, unl central government steps in. The Group uncertain whose would be the kinder guid hand. It is a relief to notice that the needs the farmer are at least acknowledged.

Conurbation is a slickly attractive, clear- book. Its maps, tables and diagrams are elabora but easily understood. And yet for not a fe people the title will be repulsive, the price fo bidding. May one hope for a simplified, mo articulated summary, from one pen, with a sma selection of maps and photographs? The cheap version need not lose the admirable precision of original. By drawing a wider circle of readers, would well serve the hopes of the West Midla Group.

LIONEL BUTLER

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE

Paul Gauguin. Letters to his Wife and Friend Edited by MAURICE MALINGUE. *Saturn Pre* 16*s.*

Of Spain, Gauguin wrote:—"The bulls, th Spaniards, their hair plastered with lard, all tha has, of course, been done, overdone; and yet i queer, but I see them differently." Since he le the thought half-finished, like so many of hi uttered thoughts, it is only possible now to gues what Gauguin saw. But the remark has a haun ing resonance; to anyone at all familiar with hi life, his work, his methods of expressing himself it vibrates with a characteristic quality. Throug his mother Gauguin inherited Spanish blood, th blood of an old and good Aragonese family. The Spanish temperament tends towards the meta physical. It was not, I think, the colourful, gaud Spain, the Spain of mantilla and matador, whic Gauguin could see, but rather that of the gloom Toledo, which El Greco painted; that Spain austere distance and iron silence, whose in fluence one feels in so many of Picasso's picture I have little doubt of this, since Gauguin in hi letters again and again touches metaphysica notes; using words, as he used paint, to extor from nature a vision, something more and othe than just herself. He was always searching for metaphysical geography.

The fantastic episodes of Gauguin's life, i extraordinary and terrible struggles, have partl obliterated this metaphysician in him. In genera

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emory he is the successful broker who took
o painting in middle life, deserted his wife and
ve children, fell into harsh poverty, and escaped
the primitive and picturesque shelter of a
outh Sea Island. He was all that. But neither
auguin's poverty nor his lust for colour are
ough to explain the compulsion which washed
m up on the remotest land-specks of the Pacific.
is not the riot of colour but the restraint and
ystery of it which are remarkable in his Tahitian
ictures. When he felt a need for showy crim-
ns and pinks and purples he wrote to Europe
r packets of seeds of petunia, phlox, and salpi-
ossis. What he did not want from Europe were
s distractions; and by distractions he meant
most everything; the intricate pattern of civilised
fe, the business and family obligations, the web
f relationships, all that waste and strain of social
ehaviour, which clouded the purity and mystery
f his intuitions.

I am writing this in the evening. The night silence in Tahiti is even stranger than anything else. It can be felt; it is unbroken by even the cry of a bird. Now and then a large dry leaf falls but without even the faintest noise, rather the rustling of the wind. The natives often move about at night, barefooted and silent. Nothing but this silence. I understand why these people can remain hours and days sitting immobile and gazing sadly at the sky. I apprehend all the things that are going to invade my being and feel most amazingly at peace at this moment. It seems to me as if the turmoil of life in Europe exists no longer . . .

It was not the raw tang of something violent nd primitive, in the naturalistic sense, that Gauguin craved for, but rather this silence, a ilence of simplification, in which his visions ight grow and take shape in line and form and olour. His voyages to Tahiti and the Marquesas ere not an escape to naturalism but a flight from t. He parted from the Impressionists because he ound in their work no triumph of vision, but nly of technique; while the Pointillists were these petty chemical persons who pile up little lots." For its "Naturalism," again, he disliked he painting of Rubens. On the other hand he erceived in Cézanne, whom he greatly admired, an essentially mystic Eastern nature." And urely that is true?

Yet this Gauguin, who deserves excavation, did ot, I think, ever fully realise himself. If he had een a more contained man ("self-gathered for an utbreak"), he might perhaps have endured every istraction and achieved great visionary painting ven while remaining in Europe. But the violence of his passions was too great. He was a sensationalist; his sexual energy was terrific and he found it impossible ever to do without women. So fierce and persistent was his energy that it has partly obscured his failure to avoid dispersal and achieve power over himself; but not, I think, altogether. "Blown by restless violence round about," never wholly a free man, he had to kick his perceptions into life and stimulate his intuitions through sensation. A more complete man might have found in feeling and sentiment the sources of a "creative silence"; Gauguin had to go to the South Seas for it. And it is this sensationalism, I think, which vitiates many of his judgments. There is a good deal of melodrama in these letters to his wife, which M. Malingue has collected. "Would to God that death claimed all of us!" "They are talking of war here; it is a door of escape for which I hope but don't believe in." Along with this go some cheap sneers and some extraordinary nonsense:

> Whatever may be invented, no one will hit on anything better than a united family, and for that a head cannot be dispensed with; *I want that head to be the wife, but she should have all responsibility and the task of feeding the family.*

It is not until circumstance and syphilis have so reduced and ravaged him that he can no longer escape into sensation, but must stay crouching in his hut, that the spirituality of his nature at last soars forth unimpeded, in a half-dozen majestic letters written to the critic André Fontainas. And even then, his palate sated and jaded on the South Seas, he is seriously considering a journey to Spain.

We may find in such traits an explanation of the fact that Gauguin, although singular in his wonderful patience and endurance in the interests of his art, has nevertheless failed to seem satisfactory as a modern hero. There is something about him, some mix-up of dispersed sensations, melodrama, and self-pity, which continues to be repellent. It is not easy to be convinced by the sentimental partisanship of M. Malingue, who here pursues Gauguin's middle-class Danish wife, Mette, with an animosity not at all justified by the three letters of hers which he also publishes. If Mette had her shortcomings, so had Gauguin. I find M. Malingue's method as editor a little irritating: he does not tell us how many of these letters appear for the first time (I have certainly seen passages from a number of them in earlier biographies); he does tell us, with rather tiresome mysteriousness, that letters to Gauguin's friend Daniel de Monfried cannot be included, "for private reasons." It is nevertheless very interesting to have this sequence of marital letters all collected together, if only because they show that Gauguin's relations with his wife were not abruptly severed, but deteriorated gradually. They show Gauguin fighting to keep his love for Mette and hers for him; betrayed by poverty, Danish prejudices, and by his own character as well as hers. What a novel *The Moon and Sixpence* might have been if it had given us this Gauguin instead of the heartless wife-forsaker whose "lips broke into a smile," and who "shook his head" when asked if he had any regrets for all the unhappiness he had caused!

GILES ROMILLY

Week-end Competitions

No. 972

Set by Audrey Hilton.

In Mrs. Beeton's Australian Cookery section there is a recipe for "Groper, head and shoulders, boiled." The recipe ends: "great care should be taken of the immense gelatinous lips, as these are considered the best part." The usual prizes are offered for other recipes of 100 words or less, real or imaginary, with an equally appalling dénouement.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 968

Set by David Stanley

Six guineas are offered for an anecdote, in the Beachcomber manner, introducing a new Beachcomber character, to put alongside Captain Foulenough, Dr. Smart-Allick, Lady Cabstanleigh, and the others.

Report by David Stanley

A large and entertaining entry might have made this competition very difficult to judge, had it not been necessary for successful competitors to provide both an original character *and* an amusing paragraph. Many were disqualified who gave only the one or the other. Then, the character itself. Here, I think, competitors had very great scope; but far too many contented themselves with variants on the science-struck professor and the form-struck bureaucrat. These were easy targets, not particularly original; and there were also too many mad painters and musicians.

Characters of much richer possibilities were introduced by some competitors whose anecdotes wavered into facetiousness. Such were Tyntax's Fred Beavan, Secretary of the A.F.F.F.F.F.W. (Amalgamated Federation of Fish Friers, Frozen Food Workers, and Affiliated Trades); R. S. Jaffray's Major Arme-

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12/6
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By the author of
YOUNG JEMMY
ELIZABETH D'OYLEY
a new long historical novel
EVEN
AS THE SUN
MICHAEL JOSEPH

Chairman, V.D., suffering from "a lack of compulsory audiences"; and Terence Melican's Bob Eachway, "the pools promoter, of Eachway's Enormous Pools." W. Stewart had this savage piece of Beachcomber verse :—

"Oh woman, on the boss's knees
As clever as ten chimpanzees,
When wit and humour make their bow
A devastating dumb-bell, thou!"

But his own wit and humour, elsewhere, fell below this standard.

A first prize of two guineas goes to Michael O'Beirne, whose Tighto has an amusing and original, as well as horrible, reality; and prizes of one guinea each to John Ellis, H. F. Maybank, H. Forsyth and Redling. Honourable mentions to Richard Fenwick and T. S. Watt (quoted below), and to Karen Jockes, Jas. J. Nevin, Kenneth Hopkins, L. G. Udall, J. J. Curle, G. W. S. Barrow, John Digby, Robert Graham, Brenda Conisbee and Hopeless.

The self-appointed Tighto of Thebes (Mr. E.) is reported to have moved with his filing-cabinet into the Ha Ha mountains. In effect he has sent the Theban Parliament (who, it will be remembered, found themselves unable to recognise him) to Coventry.

Mr. E., a displaced person before his recent arrival in political circles, is a mild bespectacled cigar-smoking bachelor of middle stature, who claims as Tighto an inevitable interest in the Middle-European crux. "I am a man with a plan," he told a press conference in the capital before leaving.

Insisting that he alone is the rightful Tighto, Mr. E. added that no Government could be blamed for failing to recognise him. "Politicians," he explained, "are, not unnaturally, jealous of their hard-won positions. They fear to give place to me."

Asked what he intended to do in the Ha Has, Tighto stated that he would contact the President by telepathy. Meanwhile the Theban Parliament is trying frantically to save its face by behaving as though nothing had happened. MICHAEL O'BEIRNE

It is not generally known that Hormonia Pryngle, whose readings from her own poems have been the sensation of the Fifth Programme this summer, is in private life the wife of Roland Milk. Hormonia, a bluestocking "in my own write," as she whimsically observed, is a distant relative of Lady Cabstanleigh, through whose good offices Mr. Milk became Director of Cultural Contacts at the G.G.G. Mrs. Milk is the leading exponent in this country of the Existovorticionist school which, since the Existentialists left the *Deux Grapauds* for the Ritz bar, is the most exciting literary movement for six weeks. Her new verse cycle will be read in twenty-nine instalments on the Fifth Programme this winter, a major scoop for the department of Cultural Contacts. When asked her views on her relative's success, Lady Cabstanleigh said: "Hormonia has a feeling, a *je ne sais quoi* for art, and life, which is a credit to the family. More will be heard of her." JOHN ELLIS

Mr. Footway Fowler, of Kennel Kottage, Much Slavering, appeared at Wuffley petty sessions yesterday because his pedigree Alsatian, Rose Petal, was alleged to have chewed the leg of a boy aged seven. Mr. Sealyham, the legal adviser to Our Doggies' Society and Bone-Buriers' Guild (of which Mr. Fowler is an active member), appeared for the defence. He said that there was a serious shortage of dog's meat in the district, and Rose Petal was suffering from protein deficiency. He claimed that the boy's leg had been returned to him very little the worse for wear, and pointed out that he had another leg, anyway. Mr. Boarhound, the presiding magistrate, dismissed the case, saying we did not want our boys growing up to be mollycoddles.

"It was a most unsporting and un-English prosecution," Mr. Footway Fowler said afterwards. "My dog is very fond of children." H. F. MAYBANK

Blonde, dynamic, ex-follies girl Polly Andrée yesterday eclipsed the misery of nations by obtaining two divorces before lunch. Later, having borrowed a copy of Burke's Peerage, she jotted down the names of a few unmarried dukes in her notebook. Viscounts and earls had by this time come to pall upon the sensitive young woman; and the prick of a pin decided that the next unlucky object of her mercenary affections would be the racing Duke of Newmarket.

Appropriately clad in hunting pink, Polly drove up to Newmarket Towers as the gong was sounding for dinner. Old Newmarket was putting a nag through its paces on the lawn. "A pretty piece of horseflesh, your dukeship," vouchsafed Polly, dropping a low curtsey. "A pretty enough filly yourself, my dear," riposted the senile nobleman. Polly coloured charmingly. She was already calculating how much alimony she could squeeze from this peculiar old fruit. H. FORSYTH

Massa Observah, the eminent coloured statistician, sends me some more figures. This time he has been investigating the Nation's Bath Habits. He probed 2,543 baths, of which 2,197 were unoccupied (he says the figure would be less on Fridays), and of these 20 per cent. contained washing, 7 per cent. children's celluloid toys and boats, and 3 per cent. coal, bottled beer and old papers. Of those occupied, 301 were resentfully occupied, though male occupants were more resentful than female, 90 per cent. had more than 12in. of water, 56 per cent. used bath salts, 44 per cent. scented soap. Only one occupant sat at the plug end. He told the Massa he first did this as a child and had been greatly impressed. REDLING

Those who upon occasion drop into the Rapscallion Club, W.1, in order to squander father's capital on mother's ruin, may usually see, propping up the far corner of the Second Empire Bar, a distinguished figure, in whom the features of a Bessarabian *Souteneur*, the physique of a Bowery bouncer, a monocle that out-Erichs Von Stroheim, and tweeds which shout "très snob, très Continental tailoring," combine to proclaim the gentleman from Mitteleuropa, "waiting for Lefty"—to go Righty!

This is my old friend Count Thaddeus Thonder-Ten-Tronkh, ex-Rittmeister of the Free Ruritanian Pandours (very irregular cavalry), a man of parts, many parts, once the cause of numerous near-nervous breakdowns among unfortunate liaison officials employed by the other allied Powers, at H.Q. of the Free Ruritanian Government on British Soil. The Count is as yet engaged in adjusting himself to civil life in a manner which bears out those shattered officials' gloomiest forebodings. RICHARD FENWICK

FINANCIER'S OUTBURST

Interviewed on his recent statement that the half-crown, though "still maintaining its exchange value relative to the pound sterling, has depreciated in terms of goods," Sir Bartley Bortley, author of "Notes on Notes," remained strictly non-committal. "I yield to no one," he said, "in upholding the *status quo*, but if you sell forward against back-dated maturities, where are you?" Asked if he could explain the point in greater detail, Sir Bartley exclaimed, "They have turned their backs on Adam Smith! That is not lightly done!" T. S. WATT

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SECT. shtd. typist, wide exp., capable, educated, travelled, desires part-time post. Sanderstead 2552, after 7 p.m.

Fellowships

INTERNATIONAL Fellowships for Women Graduates, 1949-50. The British Federation of University Women announce:—I.F.U.W. International Fellowship, £300 (offered by International Federation of University Women). Helen Marr Kirby International Fellowship, $1,500. Mary E. Woolley International Fellowship, $1,500. Ohio State International Fellowship, $1,500. Virginia C. Gildersleeve International Fellowship, $1,500. (These 4 fellowships offered by American Association of University Women.) Constance Ellis Fellowship, £300 (sterling) (offered by Australian F.U.W., Victoria, tenure in Australia especially welcomed). I.F.U.W. Fellowship, 3,000 guilders (approx. £300, offered by Netherlands F.U.W., tenable in Holland). International Residential Scholarship, £200, at Crosby Hall, London (for research or other post-graduate work). Caroline Spurgeon Scholarship, in Arts, £200, at Crosby Hall, London; (these two scholarships offered by British F.U.W.). The Fellowships are for a year's research, if possible in some country other than the holder's own. Candidates should have been engaged in research for at least one year. Swiss Bursary, value 400 Swiss francs, open to British graduate for short study visit to Switzerland. Applic. forms and regulations from Postgraduate Awards, B.F.U.W., Ltd., 17A Kings Road, S.W.3. Completed applics. due October 30.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

STEANBRIDGE House. Rest and convalescence for people of all nationalities. Beautifully situated in quiet Cotswold valley in easy reach Stroud. Finlayson, Steanbridge Hse., nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

NOW is the time to book your 1949 Holiday Accommodation at Strand Hotel, Trebarwith Sands, Tintagel, Cornwall.

QUIET comfortable accommodation offered to companionable P.G.'s for winter months from 3 *gns.* Mild climate. North Cornish Coast. Box 5538.

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IN the middle of Dartmoor—East Dart Hotel, Postbridge. Good food, good beds, constant h.w. £5 5s. a week. Postbridge 213.

NEWQUAY—Great Western Hotel. To restore health and energy at all times of the year. (1) Invigorating air, mild climate and wonderful coast. (2) Excellent food, modern comf., splendid wine cellar. Same family management for 40 years. Tel.: 201011.

CORNWALL. Trecharrock Manor Hotel. Lovely all the year. Mildest climate. Most suitable for winter guests, convalescents, asthmatics. 15 acres gdns. Own prod. Golf St. Enodoc. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Port Isaac 234.

PARK House, Bepton, Midhurst, Sx. Pte. hotel offers Autumn and Winter accom. reduced rates. Cent. htg., com. beds, gd. food, h. & c. most rms., golf, riding, own tennis ct., 9 acres gnds., lovely downs 5 mns. walk. Bk. early for Xmas, Brochure. Res. Prprs. Major & Mrs. O'Brien. Midhurst 490.

SUSSEX, between Battle and Heathfield. Guests welcomed in comf. Farm House in 60 acres. Good food, hot water, fires. Own prod. 5½*gns.* Rushlake Green 321, or Box 5102.

PENARTH Vegetarian Home, Rectory Rd. S. Wales coast. Plsnt. hol. resort. Overlkg. sea. Attractive catering. H. & c. New Brochure.

LONG week-ends & late holidays at Lockner Farm Guest House, Chilworth, Guildford, Sy., 1 hr. from Waterloo. Riding stables attached. Guildford 619871.

DEVON/Cornwall. Recommended hotels, guest hses. fully described (terms, sit., ckg. etc.) in Bide-A-While Book, 2s. 6*d.* post free. Hilton, N.S., 45 Fleet St. Torquay.

STOKE House, nr. Bletchley. (Tel. 127). Centre for Recreative Arts. Holidays with optional drawing, painting and craftwork. From 15s. per day.

BRONTË Guest House, Haworth, nr. Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walks, literary interest, comfort, good Yorkshire fare, h. & c. bedrooms.

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Where to Stay and Restaurants—continued

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surrdgs., tranquil atmos. Tennis, squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Gras. 82.

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HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant serves good food and wine in quiet and civilized surroundings. Open for morning coffee, lunch & tea. 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

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Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

CONWAY Chambers. Furn. Serv. Rooms. Just opened, redecorated throughout. Reasonable. 61-62, Leinster Sq. W.2.

LARGE furn. double room, breakfast. Suit prof. man or woman. Box 5644.

FURNISHED flat, 2 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, s.c., suit couple without children. 2 mins. Belsize Park Station. Box 5643.

YOUNG man offered furn. room in small s.c. flat in W.2 district. Box 5624.

FURN. room. Use kit., etc., few min. Charing X. Woman student pref. Box 5514.

TO let, Kent. Fur. semi-det. house 12 miles London Bridge. 5 mins. station. 2 recp., 2 bed., bathroom, kitchen, sunparlour, garden, garage. No linen. 4gns. p.w. to March 31. 72 Bradbourne Rd. Bexley.

NO old beams but pleasant modern house Surbiton, under ½-hr. Waterloo, s.d., 3 bed, lounge to garden, dining, fitted tiled kitchen, bath, immers. heater, 'phone, garage. £2,950 f'hold. Box 5617.

BED-sitting-room, comfortable house, lovely country, N. Sussex. 2½ mls. station. 45 mins. Victoria. 30s. p.w., meals extra, when reqd. Box 5550.

IRELAND. Lovely bungalow, 7 apts. incl. garage. All modern amenities on ½-acre. Beautifully situated, edge most exclusive Waterford suburb, adjacent sea, country, splendid sporting locality. £2,000. Box 5584.

REMOTE cottage Cornish Moors. Sheltered position. 2 rec., 2 bed., mod. bathroom and drainage. Small gdn. Large barn. Pastures and rough grazings part let. Freehold. Possession on completion. £4,500. Box 5564.

TO let, furn. cott., Ceiriog Valley, Denbighs., special terms long let. Box 5558.

WOMAN Artist desires Companion share well-kept and equipped caravan, winter mths., summer if compatible; educated artist or writer pref.; meals not provided; 35s. p.w. Mrs. Davies, Blue Caravan, The Island, St. Ives, Cornwall.

WOMAN teacher would share pleasant Guildford home with journalist, civil servant or lady teacher. Box 5705.

COMFORTABLE cottage simply furn. 2½ miles Bala, very moderate rent, vacant Nov. to April. Box 5691.

YNG. medical research worker seeks unfur. acc. Centrally convenient attic, basement, anything! Box 5527.

UNFURNISHED or partly-furn. room with use of bath and kitchen, wanted by lady out all day. Willing to mind children evenings. West London preferred. Box 5893.

FLAT wanted. 2 young advertising men require 2-3-roomed flat, central London. Moderate rent. Box 5640.

MUSIC Student wishes to hire room with piano—preferably Holborn or Bloomsbury. Box 5601.

S. Manchester. Reqd. Nov. by student, bed-sitting-rm., use of stove. Box 5536.

Schools

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls aged 5-18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

MERRIVILLE, Bigbury-on-Sea, S. Devon. Home and School for children over 4. Individuals studied to aid adjustment and development towards freedom, responsibility, expression. W. Merrington (Hons. B.Sc.).

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Stookes, N.F.U.

SIZEWELL Hall, Suffolk. Preparatory school for boys and girls, 7-14, amongst pinewoods on the coast of the 2,000-acre Sizewell Estate. Private beach, 60-acre boating lake, tennis and squash courts. High standard of Health and Diet. Vacancies. Prospectus. Leiston 199.

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